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1917

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High School Scribblings

By Roswell Standish Nothwang

High School Scribblings

*A Collection of Youthful Short Stories
and Other Writings*

———By———

ROSWELL STANDISH NOTHWANG

Editor-in-Chief of the L. R. H. S. Tiger
Fall Term, 1916

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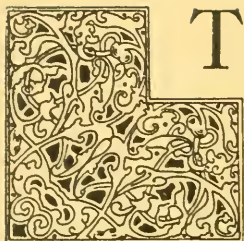
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Little Rock

no. 1.

11.5.11,
To L. R. H. S.

A WORKSHOP of knowledge for most,
A playhouse of frolic for some,
Where mingle the poor with the rich,
The better, the good and the bad,
All thrown in together and stirred.
A meltpot of humanly ore,
Where iron and the steel and the tin
Are wont to be welded in one,
And each to imbibe of the rest.
To this institution of note,
To good, to the bad, and to all,
To L. R. H. S. as a whole,
This booklet with love is inscribed.

Foreword



THE stories and other writings herein contained I offer without apology. They are good—I don't have to prove it—I admit it. What they are good for, however, I do not know. I offer them in this manner purely as a personal enterprise—an enterprise backed by a desire to gain a higher education than the one from which I have just been graduated. In vulgar parlance, I need the money, and money is a strange and elusive thing. I have taken this way to earn some of it for first year college expenses. (Your half-dollar is greatly appreciated.)

Again I state that the booklet makes no claim to literary attainment. The stories are not the work of a genius, nor even of an "author," but are only bits of effort, immature offerings from boyhood's ill-guided pen.

R. S. N.

May 10, 1917.

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Heads or Tails?

A Story of the Boy Who Played With Fortune and
What Became of Him.



THE night was cold and misty. Thru the fog the red, green, and yellow lights of the railroad yard showed dimly. The rumble of an approaching train was heard, gaining in volume until it reached a roar, and then, passing, gradually died out in the distance.

Rows of dark, dismal box cars lined the network of tracks, forming dark alleyways, with sheer walls rising fifteen feet high on either side.

Overhead the fog showed a dull gray, covering everything like a wet blanket, impenetrable at twenty feet. It was a bad night—this night. The kind of night during which subtle changes take place in the hearts and lives of men, and about which the old practical world knows nothing, but goes stumbling blindly onward in its deadly strife for this life's bare necessities, its ears unopened, unheeding to the call of romance that fills the very air.

Thru one of these dark alleyways a brakeman came plodding out of the mist, swinging his lantern and inspecting each car as he passed along, opening the door a little way, flashing his electric torch around the bare walls in a half-hearted manner, closing the door with a slam, apparently satisfied that no tramp was housed there intending to steal a ride. His mind was not on his work—not this brakeman's. He was thinking of the wife and the child at home, the home he would see on the morrow; and so, his mind filled with thoughts that carried him a hundred miles away, the brakeman

shuffled on to the next car, his bulky form swallowed up by the curtain of mist.

Then another dark form came stealing out of the whiteness. This one carried no lantern but stole silently along, crouching low and pressing close to the wheels of the cars. Pausing opposite the car the brakeman had just left, this form straightened up and glanced around uncertainly.

"Doesn't make any difference, I suppose," he muttered; "Just so I keep moving. Wish t' God I'd never left home."

Then he shook himself. "Gettin' sissy already, are you, Max? You're a fine runaway, you are—and you've only been out one night. Anyhow, it's too late to go back now. Shall I get in this car or that one over there? Guess I'll flip up and see. Tails I get in this car, head I get in that one across th' aisle. Here's my last dollar. It's too dark to see so I guess I'll have to feel." * * *

"Ah," he exclaimed, bending low and feeling the coin. "Tails—no, by Heck, it is heads. Over into the other car I go."

'Twas the hand of Fate. Had tails been on top, I would have a far different story to tell—and a much longer one. But it was heads that came up—heads—that side of the dollar that personifies Liberty, and over whom is the motto, "In God we trust." 'Twas indeed the hand of Fate.

The young man—for 'twas but a boy that crouched there that wintry night—moved across the narrow alleyway and pushed back the door a little. Even as he pushed, he heard the screech of an engine's whistle; the car gave a rough jerk and then the freight was under way. With a spring, the lad bounded into the narrow opening he had made, turned a somersault into

the car and shut the door. He was going—going—going where?

"Well, me bouy," said a pleasant Irish voice in his ear, "you got in all right, did you?"

The lad started. It is no pleasant thing to have a voice speak out at one suddenly from the darkness. "Er—are you the brakeman?" he stammered.

"O' course not. Th' brakeman wuz here a few minutes ago. Faith, and if he'd a-turned th' loight an inch more this way, Oi'd have bin in the spotlight for sure. Holt still there! I want t' see what yez look loike."

The next instant a match flared up, casting its yellow glow on the two men. The Irishman saw a tall, well-dressed youth of seventeen or eighteen, with good features and a pair of eager blue eyes.

The boy in his turn looked into the twinkling blue eyes of a strong, well-moulded young man of thirty-five with an habitual one-sided smile on his clean shaven face, which, like the boy's, was framed with a dirty slouch hat.

"Take off yer lid, son," commanded the Irishman, when he had surveyed the lad from head to foot. The youth removed his hat, exposing a crop of hair that was of a decidedly fiery shade.

"Begorra!" ejaculated the man, "an' if he ain't a carrot top. Well, me buoy, yez ain't got anything on me," and he jerked off his own hat, uncovering a growth that put the lad's hair to shame and made it turn a dark brown in comparison.

The match went out, leaving the two in darkness again.

"Me bouy," chuckled the Irishman, "if yez ain't Oirish, Oi'll eat moi hat."

"You're right," said the boy simply, still bewildered by the suddenness of it all.

"Two Oirishmen in a box car," chuckled the man, delightedly. "Did yez ivver hear th' loikes? Faith, now, and wot th' divvil did yez want t' run away for, Maxie?"

"You know my name?" asked Maxie quickly, very much surprised.

"Yis, that Oi do. Begorra, it's a bad habit you've got, talking t' yerself that way. Oi wuz near th' door, thinkin' maybe th' brakeman ud come back, when yez come strollin' along. So you've only bin out one noight, eh?"

"Yes."

"And yez wisht yer hadn't left?"

"I—I guess so."

"Then whoi th' divvil don't yez go back."

"It's too late now."

"That it is," laughed the Irishman, "but there's nuthin' to prevent ya from goin' back in th' mornin'."

"I mean——"

"Oi know what yez mean, me bouy. Let me tell yez, son, it's nivver too late to make amends—but that's no reason yez should put 'em off until th' last moment. Faith now, and what did yez run away from?"

"N—nuthin'."

"Aw, tell it t' Sweeney. We gotta do sumptin' t' pass th' toime away. Come on, let's hear yer tale o' woe."

"Well, in a few words, I fumbled in a football game."

"An' is **that** all?"

"Is that all? Why, man alive, it was everything to me! We lost the championship by it. Is that all? It's enough! It's disgraceful, sir!"

"Tut, tut, me bouy. After all, 'twas only a game, and should be looked upon as sich. You young sports take the stunts too seriously. It's the good loser that's th' man. You say it's a disgrace. Yis, so 'tis, in a way,

but runnin' away from it is far worse. Oi'm disappointed in ye, me bouy. Oi thought yez said yez were Oirish."

"I am," asserted the lad.

"Yez air not," snapped the Irishman severely. "What'll yer fayther think?"

"I—I didn't think about that part of it," said the boy, beginning to see things in a new light. "I just grabbed the first freight that came by, and left. It stopped at Fort Smith—the town that had just won the State Football Championship—and I got off to get something to eat. When I came back, it was so dark and misty that I couldn't find my way to the freight I had just left so I got on this one. I don't know where it'll take me."

"Yis, that's just loike you red-headed youngsters, ye nivver think until it's too late. That's woi Oi am here, only Oi didn't run away from a trifle of a football game. There wuz a woman in moi case, son. But there's no use a-talkin' about that. Let's get this thing straightened out. Faith, now, where did yez say this happened?"

"At Little Rock," came the reply in sleepy tones.

"At Little Rock!" exclaimed the man. "Begorra, how—nivver moind, me bouy. Oi won't bother yez iny more. Oi'm sleepy, and so air you. Go t' sleep, son, and think it over—think of th' chance you're losin' for makin' good." With these parting words, the Irishman turned over on his side, and after a few mysterious chuckles fell asleep.

But not so easily his youthful companion. For a long time he lay there listening to the grinding of the wheels, thinking deeply. However, when he did finally go to sleep, his mind was made up. What a fool he had been!

The gray light of dawn was creeping thru the cracks in the old box car when the Irishman next awoke. The train was still moving and the car swinging steadily from side to side. Stepping lightly over the sleeping form of his companion, our friend made his way to the door of the car. This he opened and peered out cautiously, gazing with familiar eyes on the retreating scenery. When he shut the door a smile was on his face.

"Oi'm right," he chuckled deep down in his throat. "'Tis a lucky thing for th' boy that heads came up last night. That other train went West. This un will pull into Little Rock in fifteen minutes. Begorra, did yez ivver hear th' loike uv it? Faith, now, an' Oi nivver did.

Letters to "Pinky"

(By "The Bashful Soph.")



AUTHOR'S NOTE. — We were never friends—"Pinky" and I, altho I wanted to be—terribly. As I knew and loved her, "Pinky" was an attractive girl of the extreme brunette type with deep brown eyes which laughed, appealed, flashed fire, attracted and repelled by turns, and sometimes in the short space of five minutes. Like many, I was deeply smitten—like many more—turned down. She quit school—a Freshman—before the first letter to her was published, altho she received a set of the Tigers in which they were printed after the entire series had appeared. My many efforts to force myself upon her were met with refusals, and jilt followed jilt until at last my affections began to subside, and they finally were allayed altogether. Her identity, for obvious reasons, cannot be disclosed here, altho it was published at the time and created some comment. Here's to "Pinky"—may God bless her!"

I.

PICKED UP IN THE HALL.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The following love letter was found in the hall by one of the Tiger staff. We hereby print it in the hope that the writer may turn up. The original will be given back to him, if he will call at the Tiger office. No questions asked—except, "Who is Pinky?"

At Home, Little Rock, Ark., January 14, 1915.

Dear Pinky:

Hello, Sweetheart. Didn't think I'd gone back on you, did you? Well, not yet! It's been quite a while since I wrote a letter to you, hasn't it? Do you remember the last letter I wrote to you? No? I don't suppose you do, for I didn't send it to you. I burned it, and this one will meet the same fate.

You see, it would never do for me to write letters to you in reality, would it? So I just write down on a piece of paper what I would like to say to you sometime.

"Pinky"—do you notice the nickname I called you? How do you like it? Don't like it? Now, that's too bad. I think it just fits you, too. Won't you please let me call you "Pinky," just me? Please! Oh, thank you!

Pinky, do you remember that dream I wrote out for you? You never did tell me whether you liked it or not; I guess it made you mad, tho, for you didn't speak to me for several days. Won't you please forgive my silliness? I'll promise not to make a fool of myself over you any more—altho somehow I just can't help it.

Pinky, are you always as you are when I see you? I have never seen you but that you were happy and vivacious. I am glad, for it really would hurt me to see you sad. You were born to be happy, and to make others happy. Just a look from you makes me so happy that I even pity those who think they are happy.

Pinky, I wish I knew you better, but I guess I never will. To me you will always be a pleasant, happy dream that never came true.

It seems a shame to burn such a nice composition, doesn't it, Pinky? But I guess I'll have to do it, for if this ever came to your eyes you'd never forgive me, would you?

Your devoted slave,

"THE BASHFUL SOPH."

NOTE.—Don't forget to get next month's Tiger. It will contain, besides a lot of other good stuff, another letter to unknown "Pinky" by the mysterious "Bashful Soph." These letters are the "find of the year." Don't miss them.

II.

"JIMMIE" APPEARS ON THE SCENE.

At Home, Little Rock, Ark., February 10, 1915.

My own little Pinky:

Pinky, I wonder what you are doing to-night? At some party, I suppose. What am I doing? Oh, nothin'. Just writing this little note to you. Of course, you'll never see it, for I intend to burn it as soon as I have finished it, but I just must find a way to express my deep regard for you.

To be sure, I haven't known you very long, have I? I wish you had been here last year. I might have known you better by now. Or I might not have known you at all, for I didn't take German last year. "Tamper not with circumstances, for her Ladyship, Fate, knows what is best." I'm not such a bad philosopher, am I? But I am getting away from my theme—you. As I was saying I haven't known you so very long, but in the short time I have, I have grown to love you. No, I don't mean that; I loved you the first time I saw you.

Pinky, did you read that letter I wrote to you last month which was printed in the Tiger? I told you I was going to burn it, didn't I? So I was, and I was just putting the match to it when the editor of the Tiger comes up.

"'Ello, Jimmie," I sez.

"'Ello, yourself," he sez. "What's that?" he asks, looking suspiciously at the sheets in my hand. You

know Jimmie's awfully spry about hunting food for the Tiger, and I believe he smelt good stuff in that letter.

"Nothin'," I answers, "just an ole fool letter I wrote to a girl."

The match in my hand went out, and so my letter was saved from the flames for the time being.

"What cha gonna burn it for?" asks Jimmie.

"Oh, just for fun," I sez, "ya know I'm kinder shy about sendin' it."

Just then Jimmie has an idea. "Lemme read it," he sez, "maybe I kin put it in th' Tiger."

Now I had a good idea myself. Sez I to myself, "the ole thing ain't no count, anyhow, I'll jis let Jimmie have it, and then when he sees it ain't no good he'll chuck it in th' waste basket, an' that'll be th' last uv it. 'Ll save me a lot uv bother, too."

Just then th' bell rang, and I sez, "Here Jim, you kin have th' ole thing. It ain't no count anyhow."

So Jimmie put it in his pocket, and that was the last I saw of it until I got the Tiger last month and began to read it. You can imagine my surprise when I saw my own written words staring out at me from the printed page. I never did have anything printed before! I suppose Jimmie was a trifle absent minded the day the Tiger went to press. Anyhow it's been printed, and everybody's talking about it and wondering who you are and who I am.

I hope they don't find out. Jimmie knows who I am but he says he won't tell, and what Jimmie says GOES—and spell it with capital G. I don't care if they do find out who wrote the letters, but if they ever find out who I wrote them to, I'd never forgive myself and you would never forgive me either, would you, Pinky?

Did you notice how Jimmie fixed that letter up, tho? The title he gave it! "Picked Up in the Hall" and that

nice little note telling how one of the Tiger staff picked it up, and how the original would be returned to the owner if he'd only call at the Tiger office!

Isn't Jimmie slick, tho? That was the only way to fix it so people would read it, for who likes to read a love letter, except the fellow who wrote it and the girl he wrote it to?

Well, Pinky, I just wrote this letter to tell you how that other one came to be published in the Tiger, so I'll ring off.

Yours in thought,

"THE BASHFUL SOPH."

To the Readers of the High School Tiger:

Don't fail to get next month's Tiger and read the third letter of this remarkable series. They get better all the time. Back numbers of the Tiger will be sold to all who come to the Tiger office on the second floor. Read these letters and try to find out who "Pinky" and the unknown "Bashful Soph" are. We don't know, do you?

III.

"BOOSTIN' FER TH' TIGER."

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Here's another of those mighty interesting letters written by "The Bashful Soph" to the unknown "Pinky." Whoever the writer of these strange letters is, he evidently wants to boost the Tiger all he can, for—but read the letter.

At Home, Little Rock, Ark., March 15, 1916.

Dear Pinky:

Did you ever hear the like? Everybody's talking about "Pinky" and wondering who the "Bashful Soph"

is. Isn't Jimmie slick tho, the way he puts those nice little notes before and after the letters? He's got everybody talking about "Pinky."

I even heard you talking about "Pinky" and wondering how any fellow could have the nerve to write letters to a girl thru a public paper like the Tiger. And you didn't know that you were the girl all the time. Ha! Ha! Excuse me, Pinky, I'm not laughing at you, but all this strange popularity has turned my poor little head. Won't you please forgive me? There, that's my own dear little—Pinky again. I almost wrote your real name then. That would never do would it?

Do you know it was the funniest way that second letter got in the Tiger box out opposite the bulletin board and so to the Tiger himself. You see, I wrote it at home but for some reason or other I forgot to burn it. And then one day, happening to put my hand in my pocket, I found the letter.

You know, I always stand near the Tiger box and watch the pupils walk by. You've seen me there lots of times. Well, I was leaning against the box reading the letter when that Jucksh boy—he's the yell leader in your class—bumped into me with considerable force and knocked the letter out of my hand. And would you believe it. The old thing dropped right thru the slit in the box, and I couldn't get it out.

I hung around there until Jimmie comes by, and then I sez,

"Jimmie," I sez, "will you unlock th' Tiger box for me? I accidentally dropped a letter in there, an' I can't get it out."

"What? A letter!" sez Jimmie surprised like, "what kind uv a letter?"

"Yew know that letter I give you last month," I sez, "well, this un's sorter like that only dif-runt."

"Yes?" sez Jimmie, and I saw his eyes light up with a greedy glare. Jimmie sure keeps good care uv that ole pet Tiger uv his'n, when ya come t' think about it. "Well," he sez, "I'll unlock th' box, young man" (he thinks he's awfully old—an' I 'spect he is) "but th' pore Tiger's been gittin' kinder skinny o' late, so I'll jes' keep this t' feed the Tiger."

That, Pinky, was just the way it happened. I'm awfully sorry, and I'll see that this one doesn't go to make the Tiger a meal.

I never saw people start talking about anything quicker than they started talking about these letters. A lot of people who thought they could get along all right without making the acquaintance of the Tiger have been running up to the Tiger office to get back numbers since they found out how good and fat he's getting to be.

I tell you a lot of people in this dear old L. R. H. S. don't know what they are missing when they don't get the Tiger. Not just because two of my letters have been in it, but because there is other things just as good or better.

Mr. James H. Penick, the editor-in-chief, says, "A High School Tiger should be in the home of every L. R. H. S. pupil. I hope to live to see that time come. Fellows, don't forget the advertisers."

Well, Pinky, I got started off on those fool letters and I forgot to tell you how much I loved you. Will this do? If I were a centipede and had a hundred mouths and a hundred arms I would like to put each arm around you and kiss you a hundred times with each pair of my ruby lips, and when your father found me out, I would use my hundred legs to run.

Well, goodbye, Pinky, for this time. I'll write you again soon.

Yours 'till eternity,

"THE BASHFUL SOPH."

NOTE—Fellows, the next issue of the Tiger is the last of the year. Be the first one to get one and see what "Bashful" has to say about it to "Pinky." This letter is the best and longest letter that has appeared in the series—over a thousand words. Think of it! One thousand words of humor, love, and a good lesson in loyalty, besides other special features, all for ten cents!

IV.

ONE MORE SHOVE.

NOTE—Here we are, the latest "Pinky" letter. Read this last letter and see "Jimmie" the savage news-gatherer at his best. Hurry up! Don't stop to read this little note!

At Home, Little Rock, Ark., April 10, 1915.

Dearest Pinky:

Well, Pinky, this is the last letter I can write you this year so I guess I'd better make it rather long—about a thousand words. Will that do? You don't care? Now—what's that? I can write a million if I want to? Oh! Thank you, but I guess I'll cut it short and make it only a thousand.

Pinky, school's almost over, isn't it? Aren't you glad? I am, only I'll miss you during the summer. You'll soon be a Sophomore, won't you? I'll be a Junior. My! How time does fly!

Pinky, I'm awfully sorry about that third letter. I really, intended to burn it up. I had that letter in my pocket waiting for a good chance to burn it, when Jimmie, th' editor of th' Tiger, strolls by and grabs me by th' lapel o' my coat.

"See here," sez he, callin' me by name. I could see tears in his eyes. "See here," sez he, "th' pore Tiger's nearly starvin'. The next issue after this un 'll be th' last uv th' year," he sez, "and what am I gonna do? They've went an' put all th' good stuff in th' Cage."

Sez I, "Now, looka here," I sez, "they are putting it in th' Cage to feed th' Tiger on when they put him in the Cage."

"Yes," sez he, "that's so, but they don't put 'im there until after th' last issue. So that ain't gonna do us any good." The pore boy was almost cryin'. He goes on t' say,

"We gotta have a fat Tiger this month," he sez, lookin' at me hopefully, "I won't let 'em put my Tiger in th' Cage when he ain't fat. Why, th' pore beast 'ud die."

"That's so," I sez, lookin' kinder sad, "but I don't see how that concerns me. I'm yer friend, Jimmie," I sez, "an' I'd like to help ya if I cud, but I can't."

"Yes you kin," sez Jimmie, gittin' kinder excited.

"What's this," I sez, "me help you? Nuthin' shakin', bo. I can't write no stories."

"Yes you kin," repeats Jimmie, "why you kin write like old Burt L. What erbout them two letters," he sez, lookin' at me viciously. He had his hands crossed an' a-holdin' on t' th' lapels of my coat, an' when he said this, he began pullin' each toward the other, an' if it hadn't been for my hand standin' (collar) he'd uv choked me clean senseless.

"Oh, them?" I sez, when he'd let up a little, "them

wuz just accidents. Th' pore innocent Tiger ate them accidentally."

"Naw, he didn't," Jimmie sez, lookin' kinder hurt, "I know good stuff when I see it," he sez, "I'm th' Tiger's keeper an' I fed 'em to 'im. Y'orter have seen him gobble 'em up, tho," he sez.

"Well," I sez, kinder givin' in—Jimmie's awfully persuadin', you know—"what kin I do for you, me man?"

"You kin write that 'ere 'Pinky' of your'n another letter, an' make it longer. Th' stujents," he sez, "are just clamorin' for more. So's th' Tiger."

"Well," I sez, takin' out th' letter I had in my pocket, "I got th' ole thing already written, but I don't think Pinky ud like t' have it in th' Tiger. You know girls is awfully shy about their love letters."

Here Jimmie began to cry sure 'nuff. We wuz in th' basement an' nobody saw him. Nobody but me cud have told he wuz cryin' anyhow—he cries so nice.

"D—don't I know," he sez. "Look at Mary—but man alive," he cries in dispair, "look at th' pore ole Tiger. He's got t' be fed. Where's ya school spirit, man? Where's ya loyalty?"

By this time he had me crying' too. I couldn't stand it no longer. "Here, Jim," I sez, puttin' th' letter in his hands, "feed it t' th' Tiger. I know Pinky won't care when I tell her how it happened." And you don't, do you, sweetheart?

Jimmie sez th' student body should not be so selfish, and for them to put things in the Tiger—and he's right, too.

"Next year," Jimmie sez t' me, "th' Tiger's gonna be so fat th' Cage can't hold him."

"Maybe," I sez t' him, "th' pore beast'll die uv indigestion."

"Never fear," sez Jimmie, "Anyway," he adds, "I'd rather for him t' die uv indigestion than starvation."

Pinky, I thought Jimmie was going to put my third letter in the last issue of the Tiger, but when last month's Tiger came out I saw my letter. I went to Jimmie about it.

"See here, Jimmie," I sez, "I thought you wuz gonna save that letter I give you, for th' Tiger's last meal this year."

"So'd I," he sez, "but—well, ya see it happened in this manner: I got your letter last month on th' very day th' Tiger went t' press. He looked skinnier than ever to me then so I just put your letter in with th' rest, an'—an' there ya are."

"I see," sez I, "but whater we gonna feed th' Tiger next month?"

"That's so," Jimmie sez. "Ya gotta write that er 'Pinky' one more letter. Quien sabe?"

"Yeth," I sez, "but what amer gonna write."

"Well, ya been tellin' her how th' precedin' letter got in th' Tiger, ain't you? Well, tell er how th' third got in. An' that stuff erbout th' Tiger an' me is fine. Spread it on thick."

"All right," I sez, "but how'm I gonna teller how th' last letter got in th' Tiger?" I sez.

"Oh, ax me sumthin' easy. Just tell her I axed ya t' give it to me and that'll be all right. She won't care. An' say! Don't forget to tell her not t' forget that every Freshman must buy a Cage!"

And so, Pinky, I'm going to give him this letter so the poor Tiger can have at least one square meal before she's put on cold storage.

Pinky, count the words I have written. Think of each as a kiss and a hug. That ought to be enough love for this letter. Well, good-bye, Pinky, 'till next

year. Hope you have a pleasant vacation. I am going to miss you very, very much.

Your devoted slave,

“THE BASHFUL SOPH.”

AUTHOR'S NOTE—The foregoing letters were all written at one time and dropped into the Tiger box in a like manner. The little notes before and after them (which I also wrote) are part of the idea, and are here reproduced for that reason. By some mistake in the editorial office the last two letters were printed in the next to the last issue of the Tiger. I then wrote “Who is Pinky?” which followed in the next issue. The mystery regarding my own identity was cleared away when it was announced that a story written by “The Bashful Soph” had won second prize in the Cage Short-story Contest, and that I was “The Bashful Soph.”

WHO IS PINKY?

AUTHOR'S NOTE—With the mystery concerning the identity of “The Bashful Soph” cleared away, another and more interesting mystery remains—the identity of “Pinky.” “Who is Pinky?” will solve this mystery. The author wishes to apologize sincerely to James Penick and Gus Ottenheimer, as well as to “Pinky” herself. He realizes that he really should never have written this story, but—well, I had it on my mind, and I had to get it off.

In a stuffy little room sat two persons. Between them stood a flat table covered with paper, pens, ink

and other essentials necessary to the editing of a magazine like *The Tiger*. One of the persons, a tall, black-headed youth, was busily engaged in wielding a serviceable-looking pen, while the other, a boy about two feet his junior, was glancing thru an issue of *The Tiger*.

Suddenly Ottenheimer, the smaller one, looked up.

"Sa-ay, Jimmie," he drawled, leaning back in his chair, "I'd like to know who this little Freshman is, whom this so-called 'Bashful Soph' is raising all this talk about."

James Penick looked up from his writing.

"So'd I, Ottie," he remarked, laying down the pen, "if there is such a thing."

"Such a thing as finding out? I'll bet——"

"No; such a thing as 'Pinky'."

"Huh!" snorted Gus. "Ye gods, man! didn't we see th' 'Soph' buy a box of candy last Sunday?"

"Yeth."

"And didn't he look kinder funny when he saw us looking at him?"

"Yes, but that's no sign he sent the candy to th' girl he calls Pinky."

"Who else would he send it to?"

"Oh—well—a—a—I guess you got me, Gus. You've clinched the argument like you always do."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Ott, rising suddenly and overturning a pot of ink, "I thank you."

"No offense intended," said Jimmie.

"Eh?" and Gus collapsed.

"Wouldn't it make a great hit with everybody, tho," said Jimmie, "if we could find out who this 'Pinky' is and publish her cognomen in *The Tiger*?"

"Sa-ay!" exclaimed Gus excitedly; "Now yer talkin'!" Then he suddenly shifted off to his imagina-

tion. " 'Pinky's' a pretty good name for a girl. Wonder if she's a blond or a brunette?"

"Why, a blond, of course; who ever heard of anybody calling a brunette a name like that?"

"Oh, I don't know. Seems to me the matter rests more with the personality than anything else. Now, to my mind——"

"Your mind——" interrupted Jimmie scornfully.

"To my mind," continued Ott, "to my mind, 'Pinky' suggests a dear little girl with a personality as sweet and delicate as the apple blossoms on a Spring day."

"Hear! hear!"

"Oh, be still! Shall we find out who Pinky is?"

"We ought to be glad to know who 'The Bashful Soph' is. Good thing Anna Marie had that talk with him."

"Sure it is; but 'all things that are, are with more spirit chased than enjoyed'——"

"Where'd ya learn that?"

"That," said Gus flamboyantly, "was taught to me in the dim recesses of the past when I was a small Freshie."

"A mental marvel!" ejaculated Jimmie. "You're the first person I've met that ever remembered that stuff after the exams. Lots of 'em forget before then."

"Quite a humorist, aren't you?" asked Gus, sweetly. "But you see, it comes natural with me. I—but we are digressing. What I meant to say was that we shouldn't rest until we've found out who 'Pinky' is. We owe it to the students."

"All right, what do you suggest?"

"Me? I suggest nothing. What do you suggest?"

"Well, it seems to me the best thing for you to do is to keep your eyes on this fellow, and if you ever hear him call a girl 'Pinky,' report at once to headquarters."

"So you want me to take all the risk, eh, while you sit around and look on?"

"Oh, well, you don't have to do it, you know. This is on our own hook."

"Well, I guess I'll do it," said Gus departing for the door.

"Oh, say, Gus, just a moment."

"Well?"

"I wouldn't advise you to make yourself too conspicuous. Use a little detective ability, you know."

"I got cha, Steveadore. Sa-ay, I'm a detective from Riddlesburg;" and Gus disappeared, closing the door after him.

A moment later it flung open with a bang, and Ottenheimer's excited voice called out:

"Oh, Penick! Penick!"

"Well, what is it?"

"What kind of a disguise would you advise me to wear?"

"Aw, get out of here!"

* * * * *

Just as Gussie was turning the corner by the Bulletin Board he ran square up against "The Bashful Soph."

"Sa-ay," he exclaimed, grabbing the "Soph" by the arm as the drowning man is said to grasp the much advertised straw. "You're just th' guy I'm lookin' for."

"Well?"

"You're 'The Bashful Soph?' "

"That's what I call myself."

"Good; you know this girl you have been writing to?"

"Bashful" nodded.

"Well," stated Gus with all the cunning in his nature, "there's some talk going around that there ain't no such girl."

"But there is, tho," exclaimed Gussie's victim before he thought.

"That's just what I thought. Is she a Junior?"

"A Junior! No, she is a Freshie."

"All right," said Ottenheimer, "but just the same, there's a girl in the Junior class they call 'Pinky.'"

"Sure 'nuff?"

"Straight goods."

"Gee," exclaimed B. S., "I didn't know that; I'm awfully sorry."

"They do say as how she pert near had a fit every time The Tiger came out," continued Ott.

"The Bashful Soph" laughed. Then Ott put his question.

"Sa-ay, what's this Pinky's real name? Huh?"

"Aw, gee whiz, Ott, have you got it, too? About fifty people have asked me that question. Some of 'em thought they knew, too. What cha want to know for?"

"Oh," said Ott, "I got orders from headquarters."

"From Jimmie?"

"Uh, huh."

"Well, I'm gonna tell you just what I've told a lot of others. You get next month's Tiger and you'll sure 'nuff find out who 'Pinky' is. I got th' story all written out but I haven't put it in yet. S'long, Ott." And "The Bashful Soph" moved over to the Bulletin Board.

"Wonder if he'll do it," said Ott rather discouragedly to himself.

Idly he gazed over the posters on the board. Then he observed something which made him step across the hall to be within hearing distance. Beside the "Soph" stood a girl. Ott saw the boy glance around

nervously, and then heard him whisper in the girl's ear:

"Hello, Pinky!"

And then from the way a pair of dark brown eyes flashed and the disdainful look that came from them, Ottenheimer gathered that "Pinky" didn't relish her name or "The Bashful Soph" either.

* * * * *

"Sa-ay," asked Gus of a boy standing nearby, "who is that girl standing over there?"

"That un right there?"

"Yes, but hurry up, man!"

"Oh, that's _____. Why?"

But Gussie Ottenheimer, his curiosity satisfied at last, was already on his way to headquarters.

As the Sun Sank



HE young commander ceased reading. Slowly and impressively he folded the official document, snapped a rubber band around it, and placed it in his breastcoat.

"Prisoner," said he to a tall young man who faced him a few yards away, "you have heard your death sentence. Tried by court martial and found guilty of spying within our lines, you have been sentenced to be shot at sunset. The sun will set in five minutes. Do you wish to say anything?"

The prisoner looked coolly at the line of soldiers lined up twenty paces away, turned slowly toward the commander, and said:

"Nothing, sir."

A dead silence fell over the group. All eyes were turned toward the sun, a glowing ball of crimson flame, its edge just dipping below the distant horizon. The commander searched the prisoner's face closely. Not a trace of fear or weakening could he find there. Something large and choking welled up in his heart for this handsome prisoner so near his own age. He admired his courage and self-control.

When only half the sun remained above the sky line, the officer jerked impatiently from his cuff another document and began to read:

* * * "Only upon one condition can the prisoner's life be spared: that he expose the person or persons thru whom he must have gained the valuable information found on his person. If said prisoner complies with this condition, he will be held as a common pris-

oner to be exchanged with others at the close of the war. If, however, he does not do this, he shall be executed as elsewhere ordered."

The commander glanced at the prisoner. "What have you to say now, sir?" he asked crisply.

And the prisoner answered slowly and distinctly: "Sir, my information was obtained by reading the signs of a secret code. Who gave the signs I do not know. Even if I did know, I could not betray him. My country has chosen me for this work, and, Captain, as long as I live I shall continue to work in the interest of my country. I may be a spy, but I cannot be a traitor. You may shoot at sunset."

A murmur of admiration arose from the watching squad. The captain sprang forward, his hand extended.

"I love a man," he said simply. "Will you shake hands with me?"

Their hands met.

"You'll forgive me?"

The prisoner's voice choked. "Yes. It's your duty; it's my fate."

The shadows lengthened; the sun had set.

The captain drew in his breath. "You'll be blindfolded?" he asked.

"I'm no hero," answered the prisoner. "Yes, I'll be blindfolded."

"Guard, attention!" rang out the captain's voice, when he had blindfolded the prisoner. The twelve men stiffened.

"Ready—"

"Take aim—"

"Captain!" The prisoner's voice.

The captain turned. "Well?" he asked.

"The locket? You'll remember?"

"I'll remember."

"God bless you. I'm ready. Mother, I'm coming home."

And then the squad fired.

* * * * *

That night the captain sat up late at his "desk" in his tent until the candle burned low. In his hand he held a little heart-shaped locket. * * * And as he gazed upon that sweet, girlish face, her eyes turned so trustingly toward his own, the captain muttered, "It's murder—but it's war."

A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION.



RESOLVED, To better myself morally, mentally, physically, and socially. Let Health be my watchword—health of mind and health of body. To keep my body clean and my conscience clear; to broaden my mind as I broaden my back; to deepen my thought as I deepen my chest; to strengthen my principles as my muscles grow strong. Though I be swift of foot, let my brain be swifter. Let red blood surge through my body and gentleness fill my soul. To speak evil of no man, nor hear it spoken. To harm no one, not even myself, and to benefit others. To remember that wise men sometimes change their minds, but a fool never does. To practice conservation and yet to be generous. To have nerve, though not too much, and yet no nerves at all. To remember that I am one and one is much, and yet is only one, and is not all. To attain strength—strength of mind, strength of character, strength of body. Let my heart be soft unto gentleness, though my biceps be as hard as nails."

The Adventure Magnum



HE was quite a small tot, and he had to tiptoe to push the button. Far over his head he heard the ringing of a bell, and then followed what was to him an almost interminable wait.

The tall fat man who stood inside the door, and smiled, and told people things, had told him to press the button and something—it sounded more like “alligator” than anything else—would take him where he wanted to go. He wanted to get a cap, and he was going alone. He was mighty proud of it, too.

And so he pressed the button. He was standing before an iron cage which ran all the way up to the ceiling. There were a whole lot of the cages all in a row. They reminded him of the cages at the Zoo, only those at the Zoo weren't quite so high, except, maybe, the one for the giraffe. He noticed two great big blocks that were tied to ropes and hung on the wall go sliding up and down, and then he saw a nice little house slide down from the top of the cage and stop right in front of him. There were a whole lot of persons in it, and an old-looking boy in a blue suit and brass buttons, who stood in one corner with his hand on a funny little lever, sang out, “Main.” Then he pulled the lever and the door in the cage popped open and all the people got out except the old-looking boy, who yelled, “Going up. All aboard.”

The little fellow got in, and two or three more people, and then the uniformed lad slammed the door and they were inside the cage. Even as the door closed, the youthful passenger was surprised to see the floor on

the outside of the cage suddenly shoot down, while the cage remained still. He looked to see if the other passengers noticed this, but they all seemed unaware of it.

The two men who had got in with a young lady, who had two pencils sticking in her hair like horns, took their hats off, and the young lady chewed gum and winked at the boy in the blue suit and brass buttons.

Almost immediately after the first floor had gone by, a big hole went around them, and the boy saw a number "2" painted in white on a big, thick log. Then he saw a lot of counters and people hurrying by, and then another log. It had a number "3" painted on it. All the time the little house stayed right in the cage. Once in a while the logs would stop going by and some people would get out, or some people would get in, or both. At these times the boy in the corner would bawl out, "Going up!" and say what floor it was, and then the logs would come by again, and the numbers on them kept getting higher and higher.

Soon he didn't see any people or counters, but just a plain hall, with the wall right near the cage, and maybe a door in the wall.

After a while the numbers got 'way up high—higher than the little boy could count. The people began to get out, and finally there was nobody in the little house but he and the old-looking lad. Then another log went by, and the latter sang out, "Twenty-fifth floor. Going down!"

Then for the first time he appeared to notice the small occupant of the car.

"Say, kid," he bawled out impatiently, "air ya goin' out on th' roof? Huh? Well, I don't go up there. See? Yul haf ter git out and walk up th' stairs th' rest uv th' way."

The little boy started. He had been thinking very hard to see what made the logs go by.

"I-if you please, sir," he stammered nervously, "I want to go to the Boys' Department. The man who rubs his hands and tells people things said it was on the second floor."

THE RINGINGS OF THE BELL.

A Farmer's Soliloquy.



OUTSIDE my window, thru the clear tingling morning air, came the dull, persistent clanging of the breakfast bell which swung to and fro upon a high, white-washed platform. The bell rang, announcing a hot country breakfast. * * *

Afar off o'er the country-side, I heard the ringing of the bell, dull, persistent, yet music to my heart. The bell rang, calling all the laborers to a bountiful dinner. I dropped my hoe and walked eagerly toward the sound. * * *

Again I hear the ringing of the bell, more distant still, its harsh notes mellowed softly. It is night. The day's work is done. The bell calls us home again, home to supper and a night of rest.

And between these ringings of the bell? We work. We work hard, toiling all the day. The result of our labor is not seen immediately, but appears from season to season. We raise our food. We make money to buy what we can not raise. This is what we do between the ringings of the bell. Work. The bell calls us to and from our labor. I love the work. I need the rest. That is why the ringings of the bell sound so sweet to me.

My Perfect Day

(In imitation to Milton's "l'Allegro.")

And up from my despised bed I sprang,
At half-past five, as the alarm clock rang,
And then, clad in light athletic wear,
Down the vacant street I love to tear.
Then to return with labored panting,
A melody tunelessly chanting.
Then off to the bathroom I dash,
Singing a tune as the water I splash
On the walls goes trickling down to the floor;
Running in streams it flows under the door.
A breakfast to eat and fit for a king.
What do I have? Oh, most any old thing.
The repast over, I then sit down,
And on my lessons begin to pound,
From half-past six to half-past seven;
In this brief hour I'm in heaven.
To dress and tie with care my bow,
At last to school I gaily go,
Where I love to stand by the wall
And watch the crowds go thru the hall.
I love to see the pretty girls,
But view askance their home-made curls.
I love to hear the quartet sing,
And gladly hear the last bell ring;
And e'en to hear the teachers say,
"Roswell, you must stay in to-day."

Still I study, and if they knew,
They'd give me cards of different hue.
And when at three the rest depart,
I go, too, tho it break my heart.
And briskly I walk down the way
To see what's at the Gem to-day.
Thus at the show an hour I spend,
And homeward then my way I wend,
And there to read or walk around
And sadly view the sun go down.
Then at supper I love to sit
And hear them laugh at my poor wit.
After this the hours I love to spend
In company with some girl friend.
And when at last I homeward go,
May the street cars be not so slow,
That I may reach my bed with ease,
And there to dream in perfect peace.
Perhaps this is my ideal day,
But in the morn I'd like to say,
"Ah, 'larm clock, if you'll ring no more,
I with thee will gladly snore."

Aunt Molly at the Meet



AND sakes, Sally," exclaimed Aunt Molly as she sank wearily into a large armchair, "don't chew ask so many questions. Jist wait till I git these pesky things off, an' I'll tell you all about it. Goodness! I never dew git dressed up, but what I'm glad to git undressed agin! No, Cousin Roy didn't come home with me. He's a-comin' down next week with that city chum of his'n. Sally, dew pour me a glass o' water from that there pitcher, will you? Thanks. Yessir, I've been to that pesky thing that they call the State Track Meet, an' I wouldn't 'a' went, tho, if Roy hadn't kept a-pesterin' me. And land sakes! What a time I did have after I got there!

"Now, yew jist wait. I'll tell you all about it if you'll only give me a chanst to catch my breath.

"Well, the furst thing I did after I had got to Pine Bluff was to git on one of them little street cars they've got a-runnin' around th' streets to go out to where some one told me they was a-goin' to have all of them athaletic stunts. And of all the shakin'-ups, Sally, that one on that street car sure was th' worst. If I cud only git my milk there every Wednesday an' take it a-ridin' on one of them cars, it wouldn't need no churnin' by th' time that street car got thru with it.

"But I was a-goin' to tell you about that meet. Well, sir, when I got off'n that car, I made my way down th' road a piece, a-followin' th' crowd, o' course, till I came to a big high fence that was built around a big lot. After a while I came to a gate in th' fence. I started to go thru, when a man stopped me an' said:

“ ‘Ticket, ma’am.’

“ ‘Oh,’ I says, ‘I ain’t got no ticket. How much air they?’

“ ‘Grandstand, fifty cents; bleachers, twenty-five,’ says he.

“ ‘Bleachers?’ I asked him; ‘well, now, what might them be?’

“ ‘Do you see them benches?’ he says to me, pointin’ to a long row of circus tent seats, ‘well, them air th’ bleachers. They call ’em bleachers because, not havin’ any top on, they air bleached by th’ weather. Now, madam, where do you want to sit? I’d git a seat in th’ grandstand if I was you. I don’t think you cud stand th’ hot sun in th’ bleachers.’

“ ‘Well, I got a seat in th’ grandstand, right down on th’ furst row, an’ th’ furst thing I saw after I’d sot down was a whole lot uv young fellers a-runnin’ aroun’ in their summer underclothes, looked like t’ me.

“ ‘After a while a man came down along in front uv th’ grandstand, holdin’ one o’ those things that look like a graferfone horn in his hand. Every once in a while he hollered out:

“ ‘All hundred-yard men git ready for th’ dash,’ whatever he meant by that. Then I saw about ten uv those boys line up about a block away frum where I was, gittin’ down on their hands and knees. Somebody shot a gun an’ up jumped all uv them boys, jist a-tearin’ fur all they they was worth. Well, they hadn’t no mor’n got started when they stopped, an’ they carried them away all wrapped up in bath robes. They seemed to be purty well used; but they cudn’t have run more’n ten seconds. Well, th’ little man came along an’ hollered out a long string o’ names an’ numbers. Then everybody in th’ grandstand an’ out in th’ bleachers tried their hand at cheerin’. Some yelled for Pine

Bluff, some for Little Rock, Texarkana, Hot Springs, Fort Smith, an' a whole lot uv others.

"Well, after that I kind uv lost track uv what they was a-doin in th' runnin' line, but I began to notice a lot uv youths out in th' middle uv th' lot. There was one bunch that was a-throwin' a small size cannon ball tied to a wire. One uv 'em wud grab a-holt uv that thing, an' whirl it aroun' his head, an' then let it go sailin' thru th' air. It was a wonder they didn't kill somebody lettin' that thing loose that a-way.

"There was another bunch uv fellers who had built themselves a kind uv a rail fence out in th' lot. Well, they'd git about twenty feet away from th' thing, an' then they wud run an' jump over it an' land on a pile uv sand on t'other side. Well, I cudn't see no sense to that, anyhow. Why, they cud have walked under th' thing if they'd stoop a little, an' wudn't haf to waste so much energy. But they wudn't do it, an' kept on makin' th' thing higher all th' time.

"Some more boys had another fence which was two or three feet higher than their heads. They jumped over this one with a long black and yellow pole. Well, I'll give 'em credit for jumpin' all right, even if some uv 'em did knock th' pole down considerably; but if I'd a-wanted to git on th' other side uv th' thing, I'd a just walked under it. 'Taint no sense in wastin' so much energy when there ain't no call for 't.

"Besides these, there was some fellers a-throwin' a big plate aroun', some a-shovin' a cannon ball thru th' air an' some more jumpin' as far as they cud. Every time somebody jumped, or threw, or did something else, a lot uv men, dressed up like men ought to be, wud measure it off an' make a note uv it. Then th' little man wud come aroun' an' announce who'd wun, an' then everybody wud yell, but it seemed to me like

Pine Bluff an' Little Rock was th' ones who did the most yellin'.

"There was some runnin' every once in a while, but I cudn't see as it did much good, for all they got when they stopped was to have somebody throw a blanket aroun' 'em an' carry 'em away.

"There was one funny kind uv a race. They put some little wooden things out in th' way uv th' boys who ran, an' everybody had to jump over 'em. The boys went as fast they cud, but if they wanted them to go fast, why did they put those wooden things in their way? There were a whole lot uv things, Sally, that I cudn't understand.

"Well, I heard that th' next run wud be th' last thing. It was a mile run an' it seemed as tho it wud decide whether Little Rock or Pine Bluff wud git th' championship. I didn't exactly understand how it cud do it, but that was th' way uv it, anyhow.

"I was gittin' purty uneasy about Roy. I hadn't seen anything uv him so far, an' I began to think he wasn't goin' to run at all, altho I thought Little Rock ought to give him one chanst, anyway, after all th' time he spent in trainin'.

"For this run th' boys lined up on th' other side uv th' track, so I cudn't see whether Roy was amongst 'em or not. Well, they started, an' when they got aroun' to where I was I saw Roy right in amongst 'em, an' running jist as easily as any uv th' rest. He looked over to where I was an' smiled. I thought at furst he was a-smilin' at me, but I found out that it was at a girl who sat next to me. She was a real purty little thing, with light hair, blue eyes, an' lips as red as a cherry. She waved her hand at Roy.

"It seems as tho they had to run aroun' th' lot four times to make up a mile. Roy hung back to th' rear,

altho I cud see he wasn't lettin' th' leaders git too far away from him. They went aroun' once, twice, three times. At th' beginnin' uv th' fourth round they all speeded up considerable, an' began to go purty fast. But still Roy was about fourth frum th' lead.

"Th' little girl at my side began to git nervous. 'Oh, why doesn't he go up ahead?' she kept sayin' to herself. Just as Roy was opposite her, she leaned far out over th' rail an' screamed.

"'Roy! Roy!' she cried, 'go up head! You've just got to win!'

"Well, maybe Roy heard and maybe he didn't, but he speeded up a little an' passed two or three uv those ahead uv him as they went aroun' th' curve.

"Then away aroun' on the other side uv the stretch I saw two runners, both a-runnin' as hard as they cud. One had a 'P' on his shirt and th' other had an 'L.' The one with a 'P' on his shirt was ahead, but I saw th' boy in th' rear slowly gain on his rival. They ran side by side. Finally one forged ahead. It was the boy with the 'L' on his shirt.

"The girl beside me was screamin' like mad.

"'It's Roy! It's Roy' she yelled. 'Roy won!'

"What? Time? Well, the announcer said four minutes fifty-five seconds, but it seemed like an hour to me. Why, Sally, Sally! Whatever makes you cut up so?"

The Feather From the Sky



LACK HAWK, chief of the Utes, sat upon the ground, his coppery skin glistening in the late evening sunshine. He smoked his long pipe in silence, and seemed to be thinking deeply.

Before him stood two young braves. One, Strong Heart, was tall and sinewy, while the other, Big Moose, though tall, was more heavily built and possessed of huge strength. Their tense attitude showed that they were waiting some important decision from their leader.

Suddenly Black Hawk rose to his feet. His knees cracked slightly.

"Ugh!" grunted the chief, as his ears caught the sound, "Black Hawk is getting old. Many moons have gone by. Black Hawk is old. His skin is wrinkled, his muscles sag; no longer can he hear the voice of the Great Waters; no longer can he see the faint blue smoke against the light blue sky. Ugh! Big Chief most dead now. Soon will he take his wolf-dogs and go to the happy hunting grounds, where the chase is always good, where all is peace and the light of the sun never dies on the earth, and where the trees are always green, and the water flows cool and clear.

"Yes, soon our tribe will be without their old leader. Their new one must be brave and noble, one who fears no danger, who is swift and fleet of foot, who can send his arrows swift and sure, who has the kindness to draw love and obedience, yet with the will to make obey. You both would marry Budding Rose, my daughter, and be the new chief; yet only one can do that. She, herself, shall make the choice. He who is un-

fortunate must accept his defeat with a kindly spirit. If not, let him go forth as a wanderer and an outcast, as one who deserves his fate, for he who can not accept defeat with all grace would likewise hold victory. Black Hawk has spoken!"

With these last words the chief turned and disappeared into his tent. Silently the two braves turned and went in search of the beautiful Budding Rose.

They found her seated in front of her tent, engaged in the pleasant occupation of stringing beads. As they approached, she held up a string of varicolored beads for them to admire.

"See," she cried gayly, as they seated themselves upon the ground before her. "Old Urinnus made them for my birthday. They are pretty! Why, what troubles you two?" she demanded, as they failed to admire the really beautiful beads. "Strong Heart, answer me!"

Big Moose scowled. Why had she not asked him to answer? Could it be—? But no. He was so much larger than Strong Heart. She could not resist the fascination of his superior strength. He listened sullenly to Strong Heart's reply.

"Oh, Budding Rose," cried Strong Heart softly, "this is not the time for your petty vanities. To-day have you attained your one hundred and seventy-sixth moon. You must marry. To-day must you choose between us—Strong Heart or Big Moose. The great Black Hawk wishes it."

"And I must marry soon," murmured Budding Rose. "Is it not so, Strong Heart?"

"While the moon is yet full," he replied.

"But it is so soon, and I am undecided between you."

"Let us wrestle," suggested Big Moose craftily. With his superior strength he was confident of victory.

"Let us run," suggested Strong Heart.

"No, no," replied Budding Rose, laughing. "You both choose that in which you are confident of winning. It is not just. Let me say what you shall do. You have scorned my vanity, and for that shall I punish you. Listen. He who would be my mate and the chief of Black Hawk tribe must bring to me the milk-white feather from the tail of the Black Eagle of Sunset Mountain. See," she cried, and pointed westward to a distant mountain behind which the glowing sun was just setting, throwing it into dark silhouette and framing it with a background of crimson sky. "I have heard the feather is very large and beautiful. It shall be the love-token." With these words she skipped laughingly away.

The rivals stood looking at each other. Big Moose scowled.

"Shall we make fools of ourselves for a woman's whim?" he demanded.

"The whims of a gentle woman should be respected," replied Strong Heart. "I shall leave with the rising of the sun for Sunset Mountain."

"Then I shall. * * * Are there two such feathers?"

"Only one."

"I shall get the milk-white feather," boasted Big Moose.

"May the Great Father follow you," answered Strong Heart smiling. "Still, I have set my heart on that feather. Good-night, Brother Big Moose. Shall you depart also at daybreak?"

"Yes, but our ways lie not together," responded Big Moose, shortly.

"It is well, laughed Strong Heart," amused by the

other's coldness. "Let it be so. May your dreams be pleasant."

"If they are of Budding Rose," replied Big Moose, "then 'twere so."

"Your dreams are high. Fare the night well, Big Moose."

Big Moose did dream of Budding Rose, but his dreams were far from pleasant. In them he saw the beautiful Budding Rose clasped fondly in Strong Heart's arms, a large white feather sticking in her beaded head-band. On Strong Heart's head was the long, flowing headdress of Black Hawk. * * * Big Moose awoke in a cold sweat. What if his dream came true? It was unthinkable, maddening.

"It must not be," hissed Big Moose to himself. "I will go now, while Strong Heart sleeps. I must have the feather, even if Strong Heart dies."

Snatching up his arms, he slid out of his tent and was soon lost in the underbrush.

In the meanwhile, however, Strong Heart slept not. Knowing the crafty nature of Big Moose, he had set off in the direction of Sunset Mountain only a half-hour before. Following the river growth, he bore steadily to the westward. The strong, mellow moonlight, filtering through the branches of the trees, afforded light enough to see plainly. As he went, the ground underfoot became rougher and rougher. The river growth thinned out and finally disappeared altogether. Now Strong Heart was on the eastern slope of Sunset Mountain. Behind him the eastern horizon was beginning to lighten with the first signs of the coming dawn.

Now he began to feel the effects of his journey. He sat down to rest a few minutes. He was quite sleepy.

* * *

When he awoke he found himself so firmly bound and gagged that he could hardly move a muscle. A dull, persistent ache throbbed through his head. Yet his brain was clear.

"This is of Big Moose's doing," he thought angrily. "May the Great Father treat him as he deserves."

It had long since been daylight, and now the sun was beginning to beat down with unpleasant heat. With difficulty Strong Heart rolled himself into the protecting shade of a huge boulder.

No sooner had he accomplished this feat than he heard light footsteps approaching over the rocks. "It must be Big Moose," thought Strong Heart. He struggled to sit up—and looked straight into the face of Budding Rose.

His mouth sealed by the gag, only his eyes could express his amazement.

"Strong Heart!" exclaimed Budding Rose, stopping short. In a moment she was on her knees beside him, and began sawing on the rawhide bounds with a sharp piece of flint which she drew from her belt.

Soon Strong Heart was free. He rose stiffly to his feet, and turning his eyes heavenward, began a long and ancient vow of revenge against Big Moose.

But the words died on his lips. His sharp eyes had caught a dark speck against the light blue sky, almost directly overhead. As he watched, it grew larger and larger. Down, down it came, swirling, eddying, twisting. It was white. Strong Heart's hand shot out and caught it. It was a large, beautiful, milk-white feather. Strong Heart held it up.

Budding Rose's eyes widened. Then she exclaimed softly, "It's—why, it's the love-token!"

"It was willed by the Great Father," spoke Strong Heart gravely. "The Black Eagle of Sunset Mountain,

sailing far above the clouds, has dropped it. But come, let me put it in your hair."

Budding Rose came closer, with bowed head. Tenderly Strong Heart slipped the feather into her headband. Its milky whiteness afforded a beautiful contrast to the maiden's coal-black hair. Strong Heart opened his arms, and she slid quietly and contentedly into them.

"I'm so glad," she murmured softly, as he drew her to him. "I was so afraid Big Moose would get the feather. That's why I followed."

* * * * *

And Big Moose, hidden behind a boulder twenty feet away, tired, unsuccessful, defeated, a self-made outcast, yet with the Ute pride unbroken, drove his knife to the hilt through his massive, glistening chest, straight to the heart.

CHRISTMAS AND THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE.



NOW that Thanksgiving is gone, we look forward with pleasure to Christmas. We begin to plan for our Christmas presents. To whom shall we give? Why, to those who gave to us last year, and certainly to those who have given us a present for the last three or four years. But there's old Grandma Ritz, now, who nursed us through that spell of pneumonia last winter. She hasn't given us a Christmas present since the bank failed, four years ago. Well, if we have any money left, we'll get her some small trinket. Then, having planned our Christmas presents with the utmost care and economy—for it is more pleasant to receive than to

give—we rush off to hit father for a ten-spot. After that we settle down and look forward with pleasure to Christmas.

Most everybody looks forward with pleasure to Christmas except father and those poor people who work in an express office or the postoffice. The latter are swamped under a flood of Christmas mail and packages. And poor father! Alas, he is swamped under a flood of Christmas bills long before he is through admiring that fine smoking stand which Brother Bill gave him (which somehow disappeared into Bill's own den), or that easy Morris chair which Sister Sue gave him. Ah, father felt the need of that chair when he got the bill for it, but Sue found it so comfortable herself that she removed it to her own room—and father didn't mind, did he?

Oh, no! father didn't mind. These were his Christmas joys—his yearly due. He was used to paying for those lovely lace curtains which mother had given him to hang up in the parlor, or that book case Ralph—just home from college—had bought for him to put in the library, so Ralph could have some place to put his collection of Snappy Stories. He was used to having Bill smoke those fine four-for-a-dollar Havanas which Neighbor Newcome had sent over from next door. But father didn't mind. He enjoyed it. These were his yearly due. To use a vulgar expression, father was the goat—and we love him for it.

The Kidnaped Pitcher



SMOKE, blue and vile smelling, floated in clouds thru the stuffy little room over Tony's Roost, and hung especially thick over the small round table which stood in its center. Around this, the only object of furniture in the room, other than the chairs, sat three men who smoked strong cigars and drank still stronger drinks.

It was the day before the annual baseball game between Harvard and Yale, and these men, three of the greatest crooks attracted to New Haven by the excellent chances for heavy betting, had gathered here over Tony's Bar to discuss the day's work.

"Speakin' of confidence in pitchers," a huge, florid faced individual was saying, "did you notice how quick th' bets changed from three to two in favor of Yale to three to one in favor of Harvard? That was one of th' quickest changes in betting I've ever seen."

"How did that happen, Billings?" asked one of the other men. "I haven't yet got the hang of the thing."

"Well, ya see, Monty, this feller Coverdale, Yale's pitcher, is one of the best pitchers Yale has had for a long time. Seems as tho he's a find. Nobody knew he could pitch until they got him out for practice at the beginnin' of the season. They say he's got all kinds of speed. And control! Why, from what I hear, he's almost a wizard in puttin' the pill over in th' right spot. Funny nobody ever heard of him before, but they say he's one of those modest, retirin' sort of chaps who stand around and let somebody else toot their horns. Well, they've been holdin' him in for almost th'

whole season, waitin' to put him in th' box for to-morrow's game, when last night Coverdale gits a telegram from home, up in northern New York somewhere, sayin', 'Mother dangerously ill. Come home at once. Father,' or something like that, ya know. Well, he packs up a few things an' is on his way home before anybody knows he's gone. One of his friends found that telegram in his room late last night, an' that was th' first anybody knew of it. Well, Yale, of course, tried to keep it quiet, but such things will leak out, an' this mornin' it was all over town. You know th' rest. I came here intendin' to place my pile on Yale, but was lucky enough to hold on to it until this mornin', when I heard this news. Then I began placin' my bets. Every cent I've got is on Harvard to win, an' I stand a good chance of makin' a rake-in."

"All of mine is on Harvard, too," said Monty, lighting another cigar. "How about you, Dinty?"

"Oh, I'm wise," grinned the third man, who was dressed in a loud plaid suit, and who wore some remarkable cut glass. "I'm wise, bo, I'm wise."

"Good for you," laughed Billings, for he was in a pleasant mood. "Suppose we have another drink on it."

At this point in their conversation an unusual commotion broke out in the room below them, which was occupied by Tony's Bar. Hoarse shouts and loud, muffled tones ascended thru the floor and reached their ears.

"Wonder what's up," exclaimed Billings.

"Don't know," replied Monty. "Dinty, I guess you'd better go see what all that racket's about."

"I gotcha, Steve," assented Dinty, arising. "It must be something extraordinary, don' cher know." With these words he shut the door behind him. The two left

behind heard him descending the creaking stairs with shuffling steps.

In a short time he was back, ascending the steps three at a time, and bursting into the room in wild excitement. "Ye gods, men," he shouted, "guess what's up? Tony's takin' bets three to one ON YALE TO WIN!"

"Th' devil you say," ejaculated Billings. "What's happened?"

"Th' Yale crowd got a telegram about an hour ago from Coverdale. He's comin' back. Says his folks wired him that his mother was so much better that they wouldn't need him at home. Telegram caught him about half way home."

"By all the Seven Sacred Saddle Blankets of Sagnararius," swore Monty, "that's hard luck for certain."

"Cut th' comedy, Monty," rasped Billings snappishly. "Sit down, Dinty, and let's hear the details of this. Now is this a rumor or a fact?"

"It's a fact," avowed Dinty, breathing heavily. "I saw th' two Yale students who saw th' telegram. They're tickled to death an' takin' all th' bets they can git."

"H'm! Did Coverdale say what train he'd be on?"

"On the N. Y., N. H. & H. It gets here at 9:56 tonight. Half th' Yale student body are goin' down to meet him."

"This is awful," raved Billings, almost losing control of himself. "Why, if that feller Coverdale pitches in that game to-morrow, it's good-bye to our money, an' we can't afford to lose all that dough. What are we goin' to do?"

"There's only one thing that we can do," spoke up Monty, who, in spite of the fact that he had taken the

news more calmly than the others, had been thinking desperately for a way to save his money.

"What's that?" asked Billings and Dinty eagerly.

"To keep him from gettin' here at all."

"You mean—"

"Kidnap him. Why not? We won't hurt him, an' th' result will be the same as tho he had continued on home. We'll let him go just as soon as we've held him long enough to keep him from pitchin' in the game."

"That's easy enough said," remarked Billings; "but how can we get hold of him? Dinty here says the whole student body is going down to meet him to-night."

"Well, we need some personal information about Coverdale which we can get anywhere. Hand me that time table you've got in your pocket, Dinty, an' I'll give you th' general outline of my plan."

* * * * *

Frank Coverdale, Yale's great pitcher, sat gazing out of the window, looking out upon the swiftly retreating New England scenery. He had boarded the train at Troy, where the telegram from home, advising him it was unnecessary for him to come home, had awaited him. He had had a great shock, for he dearly loved his aged mother, but had readily recovered upon receipt of the good news at Troy. His whole mind was now occupied with what was taking place back in New Haven. He had purchased a New Haven newspaper dated that day. He smiled as he read the piece of his "taking French leave," and the "great havoc" which it had caused among "the betting class," and of the "anxiety of the Yale adherents."

"Don't see why they had to make such a rumpus over it," he remarked to himself; "they've got Hitchcock. He's just as good a pitcher as I am, only he

does lose his head sometimes. I guess they've got that telegram by this time. Maybe that'll cheer 'em up a little. However, I do hope they won't make a demonstration when I get there. I'm too tired for such a thing, and besides, I don't like 'em. * * * Wonder what Elizabeth thought when she heard of it? Sorry I couldn't tell her good-bye, but there wasn't time. It doesn't matter, though, now that I am coming back." Then, as the most natural thing in the world, he began to think about Elizabeth entirely.

It was growing dark, and the train had just left the town of Canaan, which is in the extreme northwestern portion of Connecticut, when he was aroused from his reverie by the entrance of a porter into the car.

"Mistah Frank Coverdale!" called out this gentleman. "Heah am a telegram fo' Mistah Frank Coverdale. Am de gen'man in dis heah car?"

Frank signaled the fellow, wondering who could be sending him a telegram at such a time. His heart jumped. Perhaps his mother had grown worse again! He took the telegram, signed for it, and tore it open immediately. He read with relief the following:

"Mr. Frank Coverdale, Train No. 679, N. Y., N. H. & H., Southbound, via Canaan: Fellows planning to give you a big parade. If you wish to avoid it, leave train at Botsford. Will meet you with car.—The Bunch."

"Am dere an answer, suh?" asked the porter, respectfully.

"No, that'll be all, thank you."

"Yassuh, yassuh; Ah shore had a mighty time a-findin' you, suh; a mighty time a—"

"Oh, is that what you're waiting for?" laughed Frank, reaching into his pocket. "Here, take this, you old rascal, and go along with you."

"Thank yo', suh; thank yo'," grinned the darkey, reaching for the coin. "Ah wouldn't take it fo' de worl', suh. Thank yo', suh; thank yo'."

This little incident attracted attention to Frank, and several men in the car recognized him as Yale's great pitcher, about whom so much had been written in the newspapers. However, as he showed a disposition to be left to himself, they refrained from forcing themselves upon him.

Young Coverdale settled back in his seat and studied the telegram. "I'll bet that's one of Alvin Moran's great ideas," he told himself, "and for once I'll give him credit of thinking of something really worth while. I hate to disappoint the students, but I don't feel like joining any such demonstration. Then I can't disappoint the bunch after all the trouble they've gone to. It's me for Botsford and a nice thirty-mile ride into New Haven, with the beautiful and jewel-like stars gleaming overhead in a background of dark velvet sky and the cool breeze of the summer's night fanning my weary brow, e'en as the fairies whispering sweet things unto me. Ah, what a prospect! Then with a good rub-down, a shower and a good night's sleep, I'll be all ready for the game tomorrow. Ah, what a bright world I live in." And whispering these things to himself, Frank Coverdale dozed off.

Botsford is a little town lying on the N. Y., N. H. & H. Railroad, about thirty miles from New Haven. It is at this point that the line divides into two branches, one branch going on to Bridgeport and the other, turning east, enters New Haven. Botsford is of a very retiring disposition, and its five hundred inhabitants are usually preparing for bed when the 9:04 stops to take a breath at her depot. Indeed, it's very departure, which occurs some thirty seconds later, is the

signal for all lights in the village to go out, and in half an hour the whole town is sleeping peacefully.

Thus it happened that when Frank Coverdale alighted from the train at Botsford the whole town was in darkness, and the only light which he discerned came from a brakeman's lantern held by the sleepy station master, who shuffled up to him and drawled out:

"Sa-ay, be yew this here feller Coverdale, wot's goin' ter meet a bunch who came over from New Haven?"

"I'm the one," replied Frank, glancing around. "Where are they?"

"S-s-h!" whispered the station agent in his ear, "they're around back of the station house a-waitin' fer ye. They said they wanted ter play a liddle prank on ye—make ye think they didn't come, or sumptin' like that. They're in one o' these here closed-up autymobeels." He stifled a yawn. "Yew city chaps shure dew stay up late o' nights. I must be goin' home. Th' ole woman will be a-waitin' up fer me. G'night." With these parting words the station master shuffled off across the tracks and disappeared in the darkness.

"Poor fellow," muttered Frank sympathetically, "wonder what fun he ever gets out of life."

As he turned the corner he fell into something entirely unexpected. Three pairs of hands grabbed hold of him with unusual violence. At first Frank thought that he was in the hands of his friends, but he soon discovered that he was in the clutches of enemies. He struggled desperately, but finally succumbed to the nerve-deadening fumes of a chloroform-soaked handkerchief which was held under his nose.

Quickly he was borne to the waiting car, and a few seconds later the roar of the exhaust broke the stillness of the night as the car moved toward New Haven,

its lights cutting a bright pathway thru the thick gloom.

* * * * *

The game that day opened with Hitchcock in the box for Yale. The great stadium was crowded almost to its capacity. Somewhere among that vast crowd sat three gamblers with expectant, self-satisfied grins upon their evil countenances. Only they knew the whereabouts of Frank Coverdale, for whom the whole country had been scoured. For when Frank had failed to come in on even the third train from Troy, Coach Peterson had burned up the wires and had obtained some interesting facts. The telegraph operator at Canaan had testified to receiving a telegram for Frank Coverdale, train 678, southbound, which had been duly delivered and signed for. The telegram, he said, contained words to the effect that Frank Coverdale was to get off at Botsford and proceed from there with friends to New Haven to avoid a demonstration there.

The station master at Botsford had testified that a person answering the name and description of Frank Coverdale had left the train there. He also said that a party of men were waiting in an automobile for Coverdale, but that he couldn't describe them, because they had remained within the car.

Coach Peterson then sought out Frank's friends, all of whom readily disavowed any knowledge of having sent a telegram to Coverdale.

From then on, various parties scoured the country around Botsford, but all returned without finding a single trace of the missing pitcher.

So Peterson opened the game with Hitchcock in the box, as he probably would have done anyway, had Coverdale been on the grounds. But now it was a case of utter necessity. He had no alternative.

Up in the grandstand Elizabeth Hartford sat. After the first inning she made an important discovery. She found out why she was a fan. It was because she liked Frank Coverdale. A baseball game with Frank pitching for one side was intensely interesting to her. A baseball game without Frank, and especially with his whereabouts unknown, had no interest for her whatever. The game bored her. She got up and left.

Outside among the hundreds of automobiles she found her own car, a high powered, dark red roadster. After some skillful handling she managed to extract it from the other cars, and in a few minutes she was driving along the road which led to Botsford. She had no special object in mind, only a desire to go away somewhere. Mile after mile flew by. Elizabeth was soon well out into the country. She was contemplating turning around when she discerned a figure rapidly approaching on foot. A few seconds later she recognized it, and her heart gave a great leap for joy. The pedestrian was Frank Coverdale!

They recognized each other almost at the same instant, and cried out:

"Frank!"

"Elizabeth!"

"Oh, Frank," almost sobbed Elizabeth, "where have you been? We looked everywhere for you."

"I spent the night in an old deserted mill on a pile of straw," answered Frank, "and just managed to tear myself away. But I'll explain all that later. What time is it? My kidnapers accidentally carried away my watch."

"Twenty-five minutes to five," replied the girl, looking at her wrist-watch. "The game was called at three-thirty."

"Good! Turn the car around, Lizzie. We may reach there before the end of the game, anyway."

Elizabeth turned the car skilfully on the narrow road. Already Frank had climbed in beside her. With a jerk the car sped off toward New Haven, gaining speed at every second and leaving behind it an impenetrable cloud of dust.

* * * * *

Back in New Haven Yale battled desperately with Harvard. For five innings each team held the other scoreless. Then in the last half of the sixth Harvard managed to push over a run.

The strain was beginning to tell upon Hitchcock. But in the first part of the seventh, Yale, not to be outdone by her opponents, also squeezed in a tally. Then Harvard, aroused by the competition, added another run to her score. The eighth inning dragged itself wearily by, uneventful. Thus the score stood two to one in favor of Harvard at the beginning of the ninth.

Great gloom had gathered over the Yale bench. The strain was telling on Hitchcock, yet Yale had no better pitcher to put in the box. It seemed as tho they would be defeated. Still, there was a chance of tying the score and forcing the game into an extra inning. In either case, however, their opponents might come back strong in their half of the inning, and Hitchcock, in his weakened condition and liability to lose his head any time, could hardly be relied upon to prevent Harvard from making any more tallies.

Outside, the roar of an automobile was heard, gaining in volume until it finally ended with a loud screech of the brakes. A moment later the familiar form of Frank Coverdale dashed thru the dressing room and up to the little door which led to the bench on which the Yale men sat. They had just returned from the

field, and were now to have their last chance to come back at Harvard.

The bulky form of Coach Peterson blocked the doorway.

"Well, Coach, here I am." Frank announced in his ear.

Coach Peterson jumped around and stared at Frank as tho he were looking upon his ghost instead of the real Frank Coverdale.

"Here he is, fellows," he cried joyously to his men. when he had caught his breath. "Here's your kid-naped pitcher." * * *

The sensational return of Frank Coverdale did more to put spirit and vim into his discouraged teammates than anything else could have done, yet with all their new-born enthusiasm they were only able to tie the score.

In the meantime, Frank had received a hasty shower and rubdown, and was getting ready to go into the box in the last of the ninth. It was up to him to hold Harvard scoreless, and thus give his teammates another chance to win the game.

As he walked out to the slab, dressed in his trim baseball suit, the whole grandstand let forth one grand yell. "Coverdale! Coverdale! Coverdale!"

Up in the vast crowd three gamblers received a great shock, and had a sneaking suspicion that something was going to happen.

The first man up hit Frank for a single. The next one got first on four balls. Billings began to cheer up again. Perhaps Yale would lose the game after all. But Frank steadied himself, and of the next three men up, the first flied out to deep center, while Frank, recovering from his nervousness, struck out the remaining two. The game ran into an extra inning.

The first man up on Yale's side struck out. The second bunted and reached first by some remarkable footwork. Alvin Moran, the next man, drove out a short foul, which was readily captured by the third baseman.

Andy gave a grunt of disgust. "'S up to you, Frank, old boy," he said, as Frank walked to the plate. Frank lined out a three-bagger, bringing in the man on first, although he himself died on third when Yale's next man struck out.

Yale 3, Harvard 2.

The next inning lasted just as long as it takes to strike three men out on nine pitched balls. Frank had saved the game by his three-bagger and his steady pitching.

The fans roared

"Yale! Yale! Yale!"

"Coverdale! Coverdale! Coverdale!"

A Member of the Brotherhood



ON Broadway it was snowing—not a romantic snow with bright lights and the merry voices of Broadway's gayety, but a cold, penetrating, slushy snow, unpleasantly practical. Thru the chill and slush scurried the men and women from the shops, eager to gain the security of the subway exits. Big, healthy men, buried deep in great overcoats, and women warmly clad in muff and fur—and those not so fortunate—all passed hurriedly on their way.

On the corner crouched a poor, ill-fed puppy. Lost, friendless, dejected, it stood there, shivering in the relentless cold, its tail drawn down between its hinder legs. Now and again a pitiful whine came from its skinny throat, as the dog looked pleadingly into the faces of the passers-by, none of whom seemed to notice him. It tried to walk, but its poor immature legs were benumbed with the cold and the little feet almost frozen by the slush in which they had long stood.

A big, husky man, enveloped to his ears in the collar of a huge coat, came stalking along the sidewalk, his feet well-clad and his hands warm in his gloves. The puppy looked at him imploringly, beseechingly, and again came that pitiful, helpless whine from its throat. The man glared down savagely at the little creature, and then somehow the dog got mixed up between the man's feet.

"Get out of my way, you dirty brute," growled the man, and would have kicked the animal which now lay shivering and whimpering in the half-melted snow. But suddenly a pair of small, dirty hands reached down

and snatched the helpless dog away just in time. A pair of dark brown eyes flashed fire as they gazed in scorn at the well-dressed man.

"Ga-awn, ya big dude, you. Just 'cause a pore helpless puppy gits in yer way an' dirt's up yer pants, you'd break 'is slats in, wud ya? An' you what's got all dem fine clothes, too! Bah! An' some folks 'ud call you a man!"

And then the ragged, blue-cold little news-boy turned upon his heel and went away, snugging the whimpering dog under his frayed coat. "Come on, pupsy," he murmured, as he dashed for a corner drug store, "I'll buy ya some nice warm milk an' den take care uv ya. Gosh, I know wut it is to be left out in de cold. Ya see, pupsy," was his choking explanation, "I'm uh norphant meself."

The Voice of the Age

A Declamation Delivered April 11, 1917.



FOR nearly three years now, one-half of the world has been involved in a gigantic tumult which, in those countries concerned, has nearly usurped the throne of civilization. Like a speck on a distant horizon appeared this supreme passion, like a whirlwind did it spread all over Europe, one appalling, tremendous thundercloud of war and horror, sweeping over the continent until it held all Europe in its relentless grip. There where once peace and prosperity held sway, bloodshed, destruction, poverty, and all the horrors of war reign supreme. A terrible passion of hate has robbed men of all reasoning power until they have been frenzied by the lust to kill, like a beast of prey when once he has felt the warm drip of blood upon his fangs. Civilization is tottering upon her pedestal, and even humanity seems about to be swept ruthlessly aside.

But this unreasoning passion has not restricted itself to Europe alone. It has now reached out with its mighty arm and dragged a nation from the other side of the world into its raging conflux. The last link in the chain of warring nations has been forged. It encircles the globe. We, the United States of America, are on the eve of active hostilities. Already a state of war has been declared to exist between this country and Germany. After months of infinite patience and praying that somehow America would not be forced into the great European struggle, we have at last been compelled to arise and assert ourselves in behalf of humanity and our national honor. No longer could we

stand idle and harken to the groans and shrieks of men, women and children sent to a terrible death in mid-ocean by the ruthless and inhuman submarine warfare of the German government. No longer could we shut our eyes to the fact that Germany has broken all the restrictions of international law and of the laws of God and humanity. No longer could we endure the sight of our citizens and the citizens of other neutral nations sent to an untimely death without a just warning and without time to transport passengers and crew to means of preservation. At last the United States has heard the cries of these sufferers, and has arisen in the holy cause of humanity, in behalf of civilization itself, and has determined to put a stop to the avarice of autocratic and inhuman government.

And in what a noble and unselfish spirit have we entered into this great universal conflict. In the words of Premier Lloyd George of England, uttered immediately upon hearing of our decision, "America has at one bound become a world power in a sense she never has before. She waited until she found a cause worthy of her traditions. The American people held back until they were fully convinced that the fight was not a sordid scrimmage for power and possessions, but an unselfish struggle to overthrow a sinister conspiracy against human liberty and human rights."

America is in every way deserving of this glowing tribute. The American people have never engaged in brutal and selfish warfare. From the ringing of the Liberty Bell in 1776 to the sinking of the Maine, the United States has always fought for the preservation of human rights and the perpetuation of civilization. Justice and reason have ever been on her side. And always America has emerged from the contest with wrongs righted, the oppressed liberated, victorious in

the sight of God and humanity. In the selfsame spirit, in fulfillment of all our glorious traditions, do we enter upon this war which the German government has literally forced upon us. We have no quarrel with the German people. They are among the most thrifty and intelligent races in the world. Even in this country some of our best citizens are full-blooded Germans, a quiet, thrifty, law-abiding people. Our quarrel is with the German government, with its inhuman and barbaric submarine warfare. We have joined the great European conflagration not to add fuel to the flames, but to stop the fire, to hasten the time when absolute monarchy, autocracy, and one-man rule shall at last be blotted out of existence.

The European war is the third great epoch in the history of the world—the climax in the three-act drama of humanity. The birth of Christ, the French and American revolutions, the European war; these will be the milestones in the progress of civilization. The first the shedding of the Light upon the world, the second the birth of democracy, the third the overthrow of all false and oppressive government, the victory of the people. From the American revolution democracy has spread thruout the world, waging its war incessantly wherever men were oppressed. Nothing has stopped it. Nothing can stop it. It is irresistible. In triumphant procession it is marching around the world.

And it is in the cause of democracy that the European war has already justified itself. In far-off Russia, the land of darkness, prisons, and iron rule of story-book lore, democracy has shed its light. One night the world went to sleep, little dreaming that a great revolution was taking place in the hearts of the Russian people. The next morning it looked upon a new republic. Democracy had overthrown the tyranny of

czarism. Russia is democracy's latest conquest, and in her and her promise stand the justification of the European war. The millions of men, women and children, the lifeblood of England and France, who have given up their lives in this struggle, have sacrificed them to a worthy cause—the cause of democracy.

Democracy is that form of government where the people rule. It is the antithesis of autocracy. It is humanitarian, it is just. And it is in this holy cause, following in the pathways of democracy, that America is entering the war. Forced from her neutral position by unjustifiable inhumanities and autocratic impertinences, she has joined hands with the family of nations in a world-wide struggle to vanquish autocracy—symbolized in the German government.

Of the outcome there can be no doubt. Victory will be ours, victory for humanity. Tho millions of dollars be spent and thousands of patriotic American lives be lost, we have justified our position. Hand in hand with the allied powers, with Russia and Brazil, will we crush out the life of barbaric government.

Then when the war shall be ended, when at last the evil thundercloud shall be dispersed, and the sun of democracy shall shine forth upon the world, then shall the earth rush forward once more, better for its bath in blood. Then shall we behold a perpetual peace, a universal democracy, the nations united, the culmination of humanity and civilization—a United States of the World!

High School Life

(A Playlet in Eight Episodes.)

I.

The Leave Taking.



DISCOVERED: Exterior view of a Little White House on a Hill. A picket fence runs across back of stage, an open gate at right. Flowers. In the yard a tree, around the tree a bench. Innocence seated on the bench, soliloquizing.

Innocence—They call him Freshman now, and to-day he goes away! Away to the great High School where he will meet the people of the world and learn to be educated. Oh, I fear for him, something makes me afraid. Oh, Freshman, my love, why must you leave me thus, I who have been the playmate of your life these many years? Why do you go? * * He has heard of a wonderful man, he says, called High School Life. He yearns for new scenes, new experiences, and will hearken not to me. And somehow I fear. He yearns—he yearns—that is why I fear.

(Enter Freshman, carrying a strapful of books; halts at gate.)

Freshman—Innocence!

Innocence—Freshman!

Freshman (advancing)—Ah, Innocence, to-day I leave you. To-day I go forth to combat a new world, to a new life where all is different. I am no longer a child. Ah, Innocence, I am glad to go, but oh, how I hate to leave you!

Innocence—Leave me? Oh, Freshman, why must you leave me? Why cannot I go with you?

Freshman (musingly)—Go with me? Ah, I hadn't thought of that. Innocence in High School! But stay, it cannot be. The life would kill you, Innocence. They say there are many things going on there that—uh—might—uh—shock you.

Innocence—Then you will need me all the more!

Freshman—But I tell you you cannot stand the life. I love you, Innocence, and that is why I cannot take you with me. They teach many things at High School, and in the face of these you would wither and die.

(Enter Purity from the house.)

Purity—Ah, children, are you quarreling again? Tut, tut! What is the matter, Innocence?

Freshman (aside)—How beautiful she is! And so reserved!

Innocence—Oh, sister, can you not help me? Freshman is going away, away to the great High School, and he refuses to take me with him.

Purity—He is right, Innocence; High School is no place for you.

Innocence—But why?

Purity—Now, sister, do not ask why. You would not understand.

(Enter Home Training at the rear of stage, stopping at gate.)

Home Training—Freshman!

Freshman—Oh, it's Home Training. What do you want?

Home Training—Come, it is time to go to school.

Freshman—Innocence, Home Training is calling me. I must go now.

Innocence—Oh, Freshman, you are breaking my heart. You are going away into a new world. I fear

for you. Promise me that you will think of me always.

Freshman—More than always, my sweetheart.

Innocence—And that you will return to me.

Home Training—Come, Freshman, it is time.

Freshman—I'm coming, Home Training. Yes, Innocence, I will return, surely. And you must not forget me.

Innocence—Forget you? I will never forget you.

Home Training—Come, Freshman.

Freshman—I come. Good-bye, Innocence.

Innocence—Good-bye, Freshman. (They embrace.)

Innocence—Home Training, I am not afraid to intrust him to your care. But promise me, you will always watch over him?

Home Training—To the best of my ability, Innocence. Come, Freshman, we are late.

Freshman—Good-bye, Innocence. Good-bye, Purity. At last I must go. Think well of me.

Purity—Good-bye, Freshman. Remember you are always welcome here.

Innocence—Good-bye, Freshman. You must be good, and always obey Home Training.

Freshman—Yes, Innocence.

Home Training—Come, we must hurry. (Exeunt)

Innocence (weeping)—Oh, Purity, he is gone now. Oh, I am so afraid. I fear for him. Something tells me that I shall never see him again.

Purity—(placing arm around Innocence as they walk slowly toward the house)—Hush, Innocence, you must not cry now. You must be brave. He is all right with Home Training.

Innocence—Yes, perhaps he is. But, oh, I love him so.

Purity—Come, we must go inside.

Innocence—Oh, Purity, help me. I feel so weak and faint * * * What if I should die?

Purity—Die Innocence! Nonsense. Come let us go in. (Exit Innocence into the house).

Purity (looking back as she goes out)—Yes, he is gone. Out into the gateway of the evil world. He can never return to Innocence. And if Innocence should die, and he should repent and return to this Little White House on the Hill—ah, I love him too. He must fall back then on me.

II.

The Arrival.

Discovered: The entrance hall of a High School. Groups of students chattering and laughing by the steps. Others strolling through the halls.

(Enter Freshman and Home Training.)

Freshman (looking around)—So this is the High School! Say, Home Training, this is a swell place, ain't it?

Home Training—I don't know yet; I'll have to look around first. But listen, Freshman, I wish you would be more careful with your English. It doesn't sound well.

Freshman—Oh, bother! Everybody talks that way here.

Home Training—So I've heard; you didn't do it once, I remember.

Freshman—Well, I'm older now. I'm no longer a baby, you know.

Home Training (with a sigh)—Yes, I know. You are now passing from boyhood into youth. It is a very dangerous stage of life, Freshman. A stage where Temptation will assail you, and Worldly Ways will

beset you. Oh, Freshman, you must be careful and strong—oh, so strong.

Freshman—Home Training, you are forever preaching to me. If you would let me alone once, I might have a good time.

Home Training—Leave you alone? Oh, Freshman, you need me too badly for that. I will never leave you—unless—unless you drive me away.

Freshman—Come on, then. Let's see what's over here.

(High School Life detaches himself from a group at the right and calls after Freshman.)

High School Life—Wait a minute, Freshman. I want to see you.

Freshman (turning)—Who calls?

High School Life—I did.

Freshman—Who are you?

High School Life—I am High School Life. Surely you want to know me.

Freshman—I should say so! Glad to meet you, High School Life. I've wanted to know you for a long time.

High School Life—Thanks, but who is this with you?

Freshman—This? O, this is Home Training, a life long friend of mine. Home Training, let me introduce you to High School Life.

Home Training—I don't know whether I ought to know High School Life or not, or whether you should know him, Freshman.

Freshman—Bosh! You're all right, eh, High School Life?

High School Life (seriously)—It all depends, Freshman, on the way I'm treated. I have two sides to my nature—the good side and the bad side. Some people find one side of me and some find the other. Without

exception, though, they always find the side they look for.

Home Training—You must look for his good side, Freshman.

Freshman—Yes, yes, to be sure. I suppose you know everybody up here, don't you, High School Life?

High School Life—I should say so! Come on and I'll introduce you to some of my friends. (Bell rings.) Stay, tho, there's the bell. Come on, Freshman. I'll introduce you to one of the most important persons up here.

Freshman (eagerly)—Who is he?

High School Life—Study.

Freshman—Oh-h-h! (draws back, but Home Training catches him by the arm and pulls him after High School Life.)

Home Training—Come on, Freshman, you must hurry.

Freshman—Study? Study? I knew a little of him in grammar schools. So he stays over here, too, does he. Humph! I don't fancy I'll like him.

High School Life—Come on, Freshman.

Home Training—Come on, Freshman.

Freshman—Go on, I'm coming. (Exeunt)

III.

The Good and the Evil.

Discovered: A classroom. Two rows of double desks extend down the room. The students are paired off as follows:

On the right.	On the left
Study (alone)	Procrastination
.....	Idleness
Determination	Pessimism
Concentration	Grouch
Optimism	Nicotine
School Spirit	Evil Thoughts
Athletic Endeavor	Good Times
Literary Endeavor.....	Wordly Ways
Pleasure	Weakness
Friendliness	Passion
Honor (alone).....	Snobbishness (alone)
Effort (alone)	Dishonesty (alone)
Manliness (alone)	

(Enter High School Life, Home Training, and Freshman.)

High School Life—Come on, Freshman. We've got a few minutes before class time. I'll introduce you to a few of these people. Where shall we start?

Freshman—Where's study?

Procrastination—Bother Study. You've got plenty of time to meet him. Start with me.

Freshman—What do you say, Home Training?

Home Training—Better begin right, Freshman, and start with Study.

Freshman—But I've plenty of time to meet him. Let's save him till the last, High School Life.

High School Life (shrugs his shoulders)—Suits me. I'm neutral. Freshman, this is Procrastination. You'll no doubt see a lot of him around here.

Freshman—I'm pleased to meet you, Procrastination.

Procrastination—Hello, Freshman. Yes, I'm a pretty important person around here. Lots of people cultivate me. (Freshman and Procrastination carry on conversation in pantomime.)

Study (across the aisle)—He had better started with me.

Determination (behind Study)—(Puts his hand on Study's shoulder, tersely)—Go on, Study!

Study—Yes, I must get this lesson.

High School Life—And this, Freshman, is Idleness.

Home Training (to Freshman)—No, no Freshman! You must not meet Idleness. What have I taught you? Come on and meet Study.

Freshman—Home Training, you always stand in my way.

Home Training—It's for your own good.

Freshman—Shall I meet Idleness, High School Life?

High School Life—That's for you to say.

Idleness—Come here, Freshman, I want to talk with you.

Freshman—Listen, he's calling me.

Home Training—Let him call; you did not come here to meet Idleness.

Freshman—No, I guess not. I must meet Study.

Idleness—Come here, Freshman.

Procrastination—O, wait a while before you meet Study. Here, meet my friend, Idleness.

Determination—Freshman!

Freshman—Who's that?

High School Life—Determination—without him, you can not stay here long.

Freshman—I must meet him, then.

High School Life—Very well. Freshman, this is Determination. You won't find him very sociable, but just the same he is a good fellow to run around with.

Freshman—I'm—I'm glad to meet you, Determination.

Determination—The longer you dally with Procrastination and Idleness the more you'll need me before you can meet my friend, Study.

Freshman—Is this Study? He doesn't look very pleasant.

High School Life—Yes, this is Study. He's not very sociable with strangers, but the longer you know him the easier it will be to get along with him.

Freshman—That's good news. But look, he doesn't seem to hear us.

Concentration (arousing himself)—Oh, I'm one of his best friends.

Freshman—Who are you?

Concentration—Concentration.

Freshman—Have I met you before?

Concentration—No; nor will you until after you've known Study for some time.

Freshman—Oh; then you are exclusive?

Concentration—Rather. Some people never become acquainted with me at all.

Freshman—Shall I?

Determination—Only thru me.

(Bell rings—which arouses Study. Looks around vacantly, sees Freshman and smiles.)

Study—Hello, Freshman.

Freshman—Hello, Study.

Study—Have you your lesson?

Freshman—Why—why no—I put it off and forgot all about it.

Study—Come sit with me, and I'll explain it to you.

Procrastination—Come sit with me, Freshman.

Determination—Sit down with Study, Freshman!

Study—If you want to know your lesson you must sit with me and not with Procrastination.

Freshman—Yes, I must. I've talked to you long enough, Procrastination.

(Enter Education, the teacher, smiling.)

Education—Good morning, students. Are you all ready for work?

Those on right—Yes, ma'am.

Those on left—silent.

Education—Good. Good morning, Freshman, glad to have you with us. Take this seat, please. (Points to vacant seat behind Study.)

Freshman—Yes, ma'am.

Determination (takes hold of Freshman's arm and forces him into the seat)—Sit down!

Home Training—Now, Freshman, you're where you belong. See that you take that seat every day.

IV.

The Downward Path.

Discovered: The exterior view of a Corner Drug Store. Procrastination, Idleness, and Evil Thoughts standing on corner talking.

Idleness—Where's Nicotine?

Evil Thoughts—Talk about the devil and you see him coming. Here he comes now.

(Enter Nicotine, smoking a cigarette.)

Nicotine—Talking about me again, fellows?

Idleness—Lend me a cigarette, Nicotine.

Nicotine—Lend you one? I'll give you one. You can

never pay back what you borrow from me. (Passes cigarettes. All light up.)

Idleness—Say, Nicotine, you're all right. I couldn't get along without you.

Evil Thoughts—Say, fellows, did you ever hear that one about the man who had three daughters?

Procrastination, Idleness—No, let's hear it.

(Nicotine lights another cigarette, and they gather around Evil Thoughts, who tells story in pantomime.)

(Enter High School Life, followed by Freshman and Home Training, coming from school.)

Freshman—There's Procrastination and Idleness. Who are the other two?

High School Life—They are Nicotine and Evil Thoughts, the boon companions of Procrastination and Idleness; they are nearly always together.

Freshman—What are they doing here?

High School Life—This is the way they pass their time.

Freshman—Must I meet them?

High School Life—Not unless you want to. There are better people at High School than these to associate with, and then again there some much worse.

Freshman—It must be manly to smoke and act as they do. I believe I'll meet them.

High School Life—There goes Manliness on the other side of the Street.

Freshman—He's a fine looking chap, isn't he? But who are those pretty girls with him?

High School Life—They are Effort and Honor. They are always with Manliness.

Freshman—Gee, I'd like to know them.

Home Training—Come on, then. Let's get on the other side of the Street.

Freshman—The Street's muddy.

(Procrastination, Idleness, Nicotine and Evil Thoughts laugh uproarously.)

Procrastination (seeing Freshman)—Hello, there's Freshman. Come here, Freshman!

Home Training—Come on home, Freshman, you must get your lessons.

Procrastination—Oh, bother the lessons, Freshman! You can get them to-night. Look at me; I never open my books until I start to school every morning. Come, let me introduce you to these friends of mine.

Freshman—Shall I go, High School Life?

High School Life—At your pleasure.

Home Training—Come on, Freshman, you must not associate with these people.

Freshman—Why do you bother me, Home Training? Can't you see you're in the way?

Home Training—That is as it should be. You had better come with me.

Freshman—I've been with you long enough. Get out of my way!

Idleness—Come on, Freshman.

Freshman—I'm coming. (Thrusts Home Training aside.)—Get out of the way, you. I must meet these people. Are you with me, High School Life?

High School Life—You bet, Freshman.

Home Training—You'll be sorry, Freshman. Some day you'll realize that I'm your best friend.

Freshman—Go away!

(Home Training bows head and goes out slowly to the right.)

High School Life—Well, Freshman, let me introduce you. You already know Procrastination. Next comes Idleness.

Freshman—Pleased to meet you, Idleness. I wanted to meet you in the classroom, but they wouldn't let me.

Idleness—'S all right. I knew I'd meet you some time.

High School Life—And this is Nicotine. He's a great friend of Idleness'.

Freshman—Delighted to meet you, Nicotine. They say you are a pleasant fellow.

Nicotine—You bet, I'm champion joy dispenser and gloom dispeller around these diggings. Have a cigarette?

Freshman—Thanks. (Takes cigarette while Idleness lights it for him.)

High School Life—And this is Evil Thoughts, the brother of Idleness, and some kin to Nicotine, I believe.

Freshman—Pleased to meet you, Evil Thoughts. Were you telling a story a while ago?

Evil Thoughts—Yep, I'll tell it to you some time. Say, fellows, here comes some girls. Let's treat them, and see if they will go joy-riding with us?

Procrastination, Idleness, Nicotine—Good!

Freshman—Who are they, High School Life?

High School Life—They are Good Times, Worldly Ways, Weakness and Passion.

Freshman—Do they go to High School?

High School Life—Oh, yes; they are not prominent, but they go there nevertheless.

Freshman—They're rather good looking.

Idleness—I should say so.

(Enter Good Times, Worldly Ways, Weakness and Passion.)

Evil Thoughts—Hello, girls, how are you?

Good Times, Worldly Ways, Weakness and Passion—Just fine!

Good Times—And who is this, pray?

High School Life—Freshman, let me introduce you to Good Times.

Freshman—I am really glad to meet you, Good Times. I fancy you'll cheer things up for me.

Good Times—Oh, yes, if it wasn't for me, I don't know what people around here would do.

High School Life—And this is Wordly Ways.

Freshman—Pleased to meet you, Worldly Ways. I don't think I've met you before.

Wordly Ways—No, I guess not, but you've got to cultivate me before you become fully acquainted with Good Times.

Freshman—Is that so? Then I'll do so.

High School Life—This is Weakness, the sister of Passion, here.

Freshman—I'm glad to meet you both. I suppose I shall know you better later on?

Good Times, Worldly Ways, Evil Thoughts—If you stick around with us you will.

Evil Thoughts—Say, girls, Idleness has a car just around the corner. What do you say we go inside here, have a drink, and then take a nice long spin into the country?

Good Times, Worldly Ways, Weakness, Passion—All right, boys. Come on.

(They open the door and start to go in. Freshman draws back and puts hand to his ear.)

Freshman—Listen!

Good Times—What's the matter?

Freshman—I thought I heard Home Training calling.

Worldly Ways—Who's he?

Passion—Never heard of him.

Good Times—Nonsense. He's not anywhere around.

Come on, kid, I'll show you a good time. (Grabs hold of his arm and pulls him thru the doorway—rest follow.)

V.

Further Along the Path.

Discovered: A boy's room. Freshman dressing. Home Training looking on.

Home Training—Where are you going, Freshman?

Freshman—To a dance.

Home Training—Where?

Freshman—At the High School.

Home Training—With Manliness.

Freshman—No! With Evil Thoughts!

Home Training—O, Freshman! It is all right to attend a dance with Manliness, but to go with Evil Thoughts! Ah! That is the blight, the curse, of youth.

Freshman—I don't know Manliness.

Home Training—It doesn't look like it; what girls are you two taking?

Freshman—Evil Thoughts is taking Passion and I, Good Times.

Home Training—Who all will be there?

Freshman—Why, I suppose Idleness, Procrastination, Evil Thoughts, Dishonesty, Grouch, Nicotine, Passion, Weakness, Chance, Worldly Ways, and Good Times will be there. I haven't met some of them yet, but I've heard of them.

Home Training—And will not Study, Determination, Manliness, Honor, Optimism, School Spirit, Athletic Endeavor, Literary Endeavor, Effort, Purity, Pleasure, and Friendliness be there?

Freshman—I don't know. I must ask High School Life.

Home Training—I'm afraid, Freshman, you're rapidly forgetting all that I have spent my life in teaching you.

Freshman (startled)—What do you mean!

Home Training—You should not associate with the people you've been running around with lately. They will do you only harm. What if you do have a good time with them? They cannot always be as pleasant as they are now. Already they have a hold on you. Soon you will be their victim—their slave. Ill-health, Disease, Poverty, and Old Age will beset you. All your pleasant friends will desert you and only Remorse and Death will remain.

Freshman (carelessly)—Bosh! "Youth must have its fling."

Home Training—And sow its wild oats, they say. Yet, "Whatsoever a man soweth, so shall he also reap."

Freshman (putting on overcoat and cap)—If you weren't all the time preaching and sermonizing I might like you better. Good-bye.

Home Training—Aren't you going to take me with you?

Freshman (putting on gloves)—I am not. You'd be forever butting into my affairs.

Home Training—But I must go with you. Without me, you'll be sure to get into trouble.

Freshman—You are going to stay right here.

Home Training—I am going with you. You will need me.

(Outside the sound of a klaxon.)

Freshman—Ah, there's Evil Thoughts with Passion and Good Times now. Good-bye, old parson's face.

Home Training—I'm going!

Freshman—You shan't! (Pushes Home Training roughly aside, dodges through the doorway and slams

the door in Home Training's face. Locks door from other side.) (Exit).

Home Training (sorrowfully)—When people thrust me aside like that it's time for a greater Power than I to intervene.

VI.

The Fall.

Discovered: A ball-room and dancers. Enter Freshman with Good Times; Evil Thoughts and Passion.

Freshman—Ah, this is the life!

Good Times—I thought you'd like it.

Freshman—Where's High School Life?

Evil Thoughts—Bother High School Life! Come on, Passion, let's dance. (Evil Thoughts and Passion dance away together.)

Good Times—Here comes High School Life!

Freshman—Oh, yes. He must have got here before we did.

Good Times—He always does.

Freshman—Do you like him, Good Times?

Good Times—Like him? Gee, Freshman, I'm in love with him. That is when he don't talk shop.

(Enter High School Life, smiling.)

Freshman—Hello there, High School Life.

High School Life—Hello, Freshman. I see you out with Good Times tonight.

Freshman—Out with her? I should say not; I'm decidedly in with her, eh, Good Times?

Good Times—You tell 'em!

Freshman—But say, High School Life, where are Idleness, Procrastination, Nicotine, and the rest of the bunch. They said they'd be here, but I don't see them.

High School Life—Oh, they? I know where they are.

Freshman—Where? (Freshman and High School Life hold conversation in pantomime.)

Good Times—Huh! He's not paying me much attention. Here comes Stag. Hello, Stag.

Stag—Hello, Good Times, may I have this one with you?

Good Times (looking around at Freshman who is still talking to High School Life)—I'm supposed to have this with Freshman, but I guess he won't mind. Come on. I'm crazy to dance! (Good Times dances away with Stag.)

(Freshman looks up just in time to see her flitting away.)

Freshman—Well, I'll be——What do you know about that! Does she do that often?

High School Life—Who's that? Good Times? Oh, she doesn't wait for anybody. You have to pay her a lot of attention, or she'll run off with somebody else. Rather fickle, you know.

Freshman—Well! I'll try to remember that. I guess she's not the only one to dance with; there's Worldly Ways, Weakness and Passion!

High School Life (meaningly)—And others.

Freshman—Oh, yes.

High School Life—By the way, Freshman, where's Home Training?

Freshman—Oh, I left him at home. Thought maybe he'd be in the way.

High School Life—You never can tell.

Freshman—No, that's why I left him there. But you were going to tell me about Procrastination and the others. Where are they?

High School Life—They're upstairs.

Freshman—Upstairs? Do they dance up there too?

High School Life—No, they didn't come here to dance.

Freshman—Didn't come to dance? Then what under the sun did they come for?

High School Life—I see you have a lot to learn about dances, Freshman. They come to—but no, I mustn't tell you.

Freshman—You must tell me.

High School Life—Do you really want to know?

Freshman—Yes, yes. I demand that you tell me. If you don't, I'll go see for myself.

High School Life (shrugs shoulders)—Oh, well, if you insist. (Looks around to see that no one is listening.) It's just a little crap game, that's all. It's not generally known, and you mustn't let on I told you. It's one of the things I'm ashamed of.

Freshman—A crap game? Why that's gambling.

High School Life—Of course it is, but they don't look upon it in that light. You've played marbles, haven't you?

Freshman—Oh, yes, but that's different.

High School Life—Maybe so, maybe not. Anyway, the boys here don't play marbles any more. They play dice, and look upon it in almost the same light that they did when they played marbles. My brother, College Life, tells me that in college, poker and the roulette are the games of chance the college boys play.

Freshman—Hum. It must be manly to gamble that way.

High School Life—There's Manliness over there with Honor talking to School Spirit and Optimism.

Freshman (glancing in their direction)—Gee, they make a fine looking bunch, don't they. I'd like to know them.

High School Life—Do you want to meet them?

Freshman—Wait, here comes Procrastination. Let's see what he wants.

Procrastination—Hello, Freshman, I'm looking for you. Come on up-stairs. I've got something to show you.

Freshman—Hello, Procrastination. What's up.

Procrastination—Come on up. We've got some crap game up there, believe me. Come on.

Freshman (hesitatingly)—I don't know. Uh—say, is Nicotine there? I need a smoke.

Procrastination—Nicotine? I should say so—and winning all the time.

Freshman—Come on, High School Life. Let's go up and see what's going on.

High School Life—I'm with you, Freshman. It's a good thing you left Home Training at home, isn't it?

Freshman (starts and then recovers himself)—Humph. Home Training? I wonder where he is, anyhow. (Exeunt to the left.)

(Music stops. Enter almost immediately Evil Thoughts and Passion.)

Passion—Whew! I'm so warm!

Evil Thoughts—'Tis rather hot in there, isn't it? What d'ye say we go out and cool off?

Passion—Come on; where shall we go?

Evil Thoughts—Let's get into Idleness' car. He won't mind. (Evil Thoughts is just about to open the door to go out, when it flies open, and Home Training comes running in.)

Home Training—Is Freshman here?

Evil Thoughts—Freshman? Yes, he's inside some-place. (Home Training dodges around them and disappears inside.)

Passion—How abrupt! Who is he?

Evil Thoughts—Some fellow they call Home Training, I believe. He doesn't belong around here.

Passion—Home Training? I never heard of him. (Laughs hilariously.) Come on, Evil Thoughts, let's find a nice cozy corner somewhere. Home Training? I should say he doesn't belong around here. (Both laugh carelessly.) (Exeunt.)

(Re-enter Home Training from the dance hall.)

Home Training—I can't find him anywhere.

Manliness (coming in just behind him)—Find who?

Home Training—Freshman. Have you seen him?

Manliness—Why yes, I believe I saw him right here a few moments ago talking to High School Life and—uh—Procrastination.

Home Training—Oh, Manliness, help me find him. He is so obstinate and headstrong. He locked me up in his room when he left for this place, but I got out. I am more powerful than he thinks. He can not thrust me aside so easily. Help me find him, Manliness. I know he needs me.

Manliness—Done! Come on, let's look this way first. (Exeunt to the right.)

VII.

The Renunciation.

Discovered: Freshman's bedroom. Freshman, alone, sitting on edge of bed, holding head in his hands in attitude of remorsefulness. Enter Home Training slowly thru the door at right.

Home Training—So here you are! Manliness and I have looked for you everywhere. Where were you?

Freshman—Oh, Home Training, what shall I do? I have lost all my money!

Home Training—Lost all your money?

Freshman—Yes. I went with High School Life and Procrastination, and joined a crap game. Chance, Nicotine, Idleness, and Dishonesty were there. I looked on for a while until I could stand the temptation no longer. At first I won—a big handful of money. And then I began to lose until at last I had lost all that I had won, all that I had, and all that I could borrow. I tried to borrow more but no one would lend it to me, and so I had to come home.

Home Training—What did you do with Good Times?

Freshman—She deserted me.

Home Training—As she usually does!

Freshman—Can't you help me? Lend me some money or do something? Oh, if I had only stopped while I had that handful of money.

Home Training—Lend you money to gamble away again? I should say not! I am glad you lost—glad you didn't stop when you were winning. If you had quit then, you would have been eager to try your hand at it again. But you lost—and yes, money's not the only thing you have lost.

Freshman—What else have I lost?

Home Training—You have lost your self-respect. Whom have you been associating with lately? Idleness, Evil Thoughts, Nicotine, Good Times, Worldly Ways, and Passion, and all the rest, who have ruined thousands of young men before your time and now are ruining me. Oh, Freshman, why can't you see? Why do you not open your eyes and face the truth? You know it is the truth. Your conscience tells you so. And yet you go on, plunging blindly into the pathways of depravity and vitiation. Your associates already have a hold upon you. To-night's performance proves it. Soon they will drag you down into the whirlpool of self-indulgence and there you will sink, a derelict

on the seas of Failure. Too late you will realize the error of your ways, when all of your friends have deserted you and only the agony of soul and the torment of the flesh remain.

Can you not see that these fiends are not your friends? They are your enemies, the worst a man can have. Oh, Freshman, renounce them, cast them from you, break the shackles that bind your mind! It is not yet too late. Arouse up that spark of manhood that burns yet within you, make Determination your companion, Manliness and Purity your ideal, Success your aim, and you shall conquer your foes, and ride on the waves of Prosperity.

(Freshman, sitting on the bed, covers his face in his hands and begins to sob silently.)

Home Training—But I see I cannot reason with you. No man's heart was ever touched thru reasoning power. Pure reason has never provoked a man to change the tenor of his ways. He must be reached thru his emotions. The power of music, the grip of fear, a sudden shock; these things may reach him, but reason never does. I can only pray, Freshman, that this powerful emotion will come soon.

(Outside a shot.)

Freshman (starting up)—What was that? Quick, Home Training, go see.

(Exit Home Training running.)

Freshman—Oh, how Home Training has pointed out to me the evil of my ways. And what he says must be true for he is old and experienced. What shall I do? Ah! I must go back to the Little White House on the Hill—to Innocence, the playmate of my childhood. She will comfort me, and maybe I shall gain strength to overcome these enemies of mine.

(Re-enter Home Training sadly.)

Freshman—Quick, Home Training, what is it? What has happened?

Home Training—Ah, Freshman! It is sad news. Do you remember Innocence?

Freshman—Yes, yes; I was just thinking of her. You have opened my eyes this night, Home Training. I am wretched. I must go back to Innocence. She will comfort me.

Home Training—Ah, Freshman, if you only could! But alas! it is now too late. Innocence is dead.

Freshman—What? Innocence, the playmate of my childhood dead?

Home Training—It is only too true. She was murdered.

Freshman—Murdered? My God! What shall I do? Innocence—my Innocence, has been murdered. Who killed her?

Home Training—Worldly Ways, Good Times, Passion, and all your friends. Her love for you was so great that she could not stand to see you ruining your character by associating with them. She died of a broken heart.

Freshman—My friends? Worldly Ways, Good Times, and the rest! What have I done? Friends of mine? No! I shall kill them!

Home Training—Ah, but you can't kill them.

Freshman—Then I will renounce them! With the help of God, I'll renounce them? Come, Home Training, you must help me.

VIII.

The Conquest.

Discovered: A study. Enter Freshman and Home Training.

Home Training—Well, Freshman, here we are, back into a healthful atmosphere again. Yonder is your desk and your school books. I learn from Education, your Teacher, that you are quite behind in your studies. It behooves you to settle down now and make up for lost time.

Freshman—Yes, Home Training, I see. And what a pile of work I have to do! But I will not be discouraged. I will show Manliness and his friends that I am fit to associate with them. As for Idleness, Procrastination, Evil Thoughts, Nicotine, and the others, I will put them out of my mind altogether.

Home Training—Good! I like to hear you talk that way, Freshman. It shows that you are determined to overcome your enemies.

Freshman—Thanks; but where's High School Life?

Home Training—I sent him after some assistance for you.

Freshman—Assistance? What help do I need?

Home Training—Oh, you cannot get along without a few assistants. High School Life has gone after Study and Determination. They'll be here shortly. Determination is especially a good all around fellow to chum with.

Freshman—Determination? Oh, yes he's that grim looking chap, isn't he, that always keeps his mouth closed so tightly? He told me once that the longer I dallied with Procrastination and Idleness the more I would need him when I did finally settle down to work. And Study is the fellow that wears the tortoise shell spectacles. Yes, I'll be glad to have them. But listen, Home Training, about this fellow High School Life; don't you think he's the cause of all this?

Home Training—No, I don't think so. You remember the first time you met High School Life he told

you that he had two sides to his nature—a good side and a bad side. He said that people generally found the side they looked for. You found the bad side because you looked for it. You must now look for the good side and see for yourself how much better you will enjoy it.

Freshman—You're right, Home Training. I'll try. Here they come now.

Enter High School Life, Study, and Determination.

High School Life—Ah, friends, here we are at last. Study and Determination, just the chaps for you, Freshman. I tried to get Concentration to come along, but he's a slippery fellow, and managed to get away from me. Said he might drop in later, tho, if things went well.

Freshman—How can I ever thank you, High School Life? But how different you act! I thought you were neutral in this question of good or bad.

High School Life—Oh, yes I'm neutral, but I prefer the good side of life to the bad.

(They laugh. Study and Determination hold a conversation in pantomime. Study then walks over and seats himself at Freshman's desk.)

Determination—Come, Freshman, we have dallied long enough. Study is waiting for you over there.

Freshman (sighing)—Well, the time is come at last. Good-bye, Procrastination! (Determination takes him by the arm and together they walk toward the desk, where they sit down, Freshman between Study and Determination.)

High School Life—Come, Home Training, I think we'd better go. They can work better.

Home Training—Yes, I don't think Freshman will forget me now. (They start to go out.)

Freshman (calling after them)—If you see Idleness

hanging around outside anywhere, tell him to move along. This is no place for him. (Exeunt Home Training and High School Life.)

(Freshman now settles down to work. The lesson seems to be difficult and he frowns considerably over it. He consults Study and tries agin. He is about to give up in despair when Determination places a firm hand on his shoulder. He goes back to the lesson. Study has concentrated, and Freshman seems to be following him. Determination dozes off. Suddenly the sound of a klaxon and merry voices calling.)

The Voices—Freshman! Freshman!

Freshman (starting)—Who calls? Ah, it is Good Times and the rest of the bunch. Shall I answer them? (Starts hesitatingly toward the door.)

Determination (waking up)—Freshman! Where are you going?

Freshman—Good Times is calling me. Do you not hear them?

The voices—Freshman! Freshman!

Determination—Come here and get this lesson. Do you not know that they are your enemies?

Freshman (returning to the desk)—No! I will not answer them. They are my enemies.

(Knocking on the door and voices)—Freshman! Freshman! Let us in!

Freshman—No! You cannot come in. I am done with you. You have killed my Innocence.

Voice of Good Times—Please, Freshman, let's go auto riding.

Freshman—No, I'm busy. Go away!

Voice of Evil Thoughts—Come on, fellows, let's break the door in.

Freshman (running to the door)—Quick, Determin-

ation, help me hold the door. (Determination and Study join Freshman and all hold the door.)

(Enter Home Training and High School Life from room at right.)

Home Training—What's all the noise about, Freshman?

Freshman—Quick, Home Training, help me hold the door. My enemies are breaking in.

Home Training—Ah, now you really need me. Run High School Life and get Manliness and the others. Let us drive away those fiends. (Throws himself against door while High School Life dashes out door at right. Freshman, Determination and Home Training hold the door against the onslaughts of the invaders. Once or twice the door seems about to fly open, but they manage to force it back again.)

Suddenly a voice—Quick, fellows let's leave this place. Here comes Manliness and his whole troop of trained angels * * (Confusion and sounds of running feet; all is still.)

Freshman (leaning weakly against the door and mopping his brow)—Whew! That was a struggle. Oh, Home Training without you and Determination, I would surely have fallen into their hands again.

Suddenly the door is thrown open and in come Manliness, Effort, Honor, Friendliness, Pleasure, Literary Endeavor, Athletic Endeavor, School Spirit, Optimism and Concentration; High School Life following.

Manliness—Why, what's the trouble? High School Life told us that things were going wrong here.

Home Training—Things were; Idleness, Procrastination, Nicotine, Good Times, and the rest of that crowd tried to get in here, but Freshman was firm, and they finally went away when they saw you coming.

Manliness—Ah, then Freshman has at last conquered his enemies? How about it, Freshman?

Freshman—Yes, I hope so. But without Home Training and Determination I could never have done it. I realize now that Home Training is my best friend, and am indeed sorry that I didn't listen to him from the first.

Manliness (turning to the company)—Good, Freshman. Friends, this is Freshman. He has met his temptations and has conquered them. He belongs to us now. (All gather around Freshman and begin to congratulate him. Presently Manliness interposes.)

Manliness—And now Freshman, you must let me introduce you to my sister, the purest, sweetest girl in all the world, except dear Innocence.

(Enter Purity, dressed in white. All bow low.)

Freshman—Ah! 'Tis Purity! the sister of Innocence and Manliness. Oh, Purity, how can you ever forgive me?

Purity—Oh, Freshman, I forgave you the moment I learned you had conquered your foes. I am glad for your sake. You must now journey with these delightful companions, and some day you may learn to love me!

Freshman—Oh, Purity, I love you now; I worship you!

Purity—Perhaps; but you must travel with these people for a while to prove it. They are all journeying in the same direction, all have the same destination, and that is the Little White House on the Hill. And there, Freshman, will I wait for you, while you struggle upward with these good friends toward my home, the Little White House on the Hill! (She extends her hand to Freshman, who kneels and presses it to his lips.)

(CURTAIN.)

The Toll

A maiden of delight, a vision to charm the eye,
Passed slowly before me. As she went I breathed a
sigh

For her whose loveliness my sensitive heart had caught,
And I pondered with zeal if this were The Girl I sought.

I learned the maiden's name, went with her a time or
two,

Found tin beneath the glaze, found the color of the hue,
The halo of romance, the beauty of the skin,
Were only surface deep, leaving, left her cold and thin.

Long had I known a girl, a quiet, homely, humble
maid—

Had left her on the farm while with tinsel I had played.
The plainness of her dress, the quietness of her face,
Obscured the rest of her, dimmed the beauty of her
grace.

She met me at the gate, with a caress on my arm,
Looked long into her eyes, till I saw her cheeks grow
warm,

Felt that she had loved me, felt the beauty of her soul—
Then saw the ringed finger, felt the justice of the toll.

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